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NORTHWEST

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DEVOTED TO

WESTERN INTERESTS

AND

PROGRESS.

ST. PAUL—MINN.

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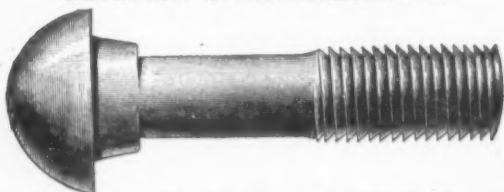
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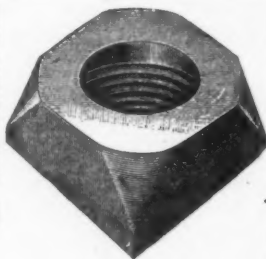
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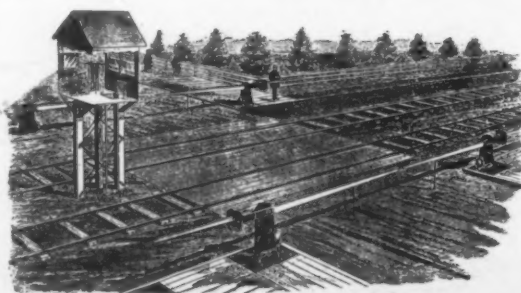
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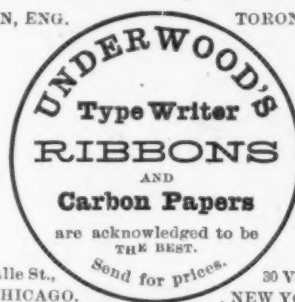
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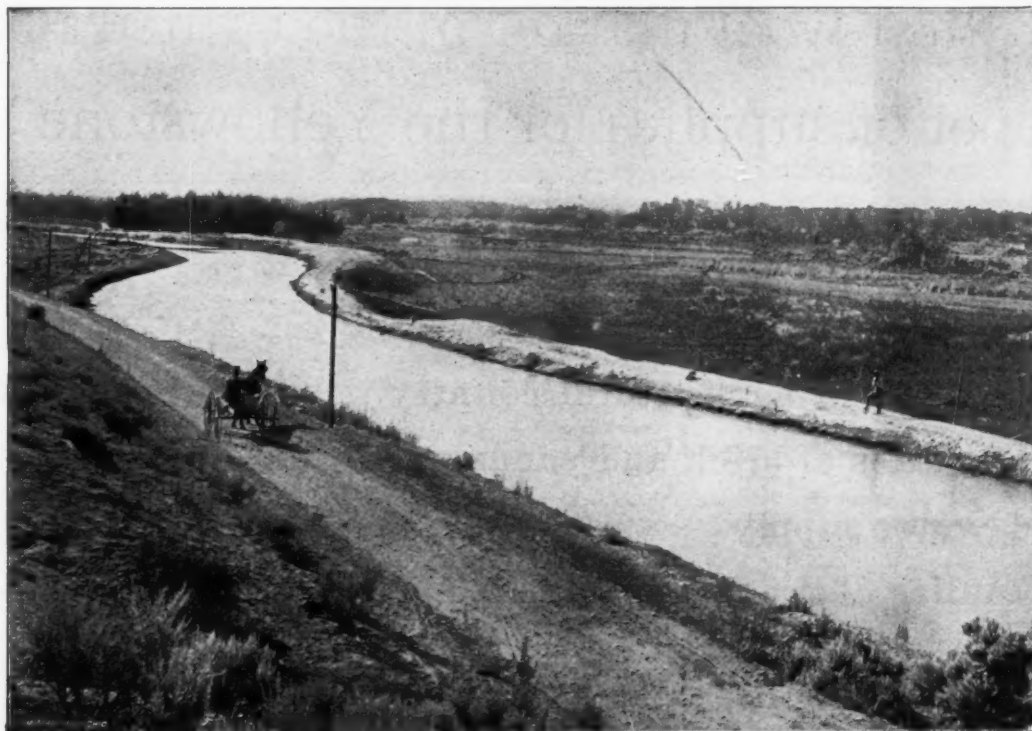
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VIEW ON SUNNYSIDE CANAL, YAKIMA COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

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THE NORTHWEST

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A TROOPER'S LIFE.

"A trooper's life; a trooper's life;
A trooper's life for me,"—

Gayly sings the cavalryman as he is patrolling along a lonely road. Soon he tires of this and falls to thinking of "home and mother dear;" of the bright, loving faces who are anxious to see him; of his far-away friends and the pretty little girl he left behind him. But before long all these pleasant memories vanish and instead he is living over, in thoughts, his army life and his first days in the cavalry. Some of these thoughts bring laughter to his eyes, and others a slight frown. As you are unable to interpret his thoughts, allow me to try and express them to you.

How pleased and proud he was with himself when he put on his first ill-fitting, ready-made uniform! The fit of the clothes did not hinder him from indulging in some self-admiration. As soon as he was able to get away from his new duties, how quick he went to town to have his "pictur tuk." But with what a smile of resignation did he receive his "kit." This "kit" consisted of carbine, sabre, pistol and holster, black belt, field belt, carbine sling, sabre sling, cartridge box, saddle and saddle blanket, halter, saddle bags, bridle, bits, cinchingle, ammunition, barrack bag, sheets and pillow-cases, and many other innumerable. How utterly helpless was he when he tried to make order out of that chaotic mess. How kindly he felt toward his new "bunkey" who volunteered his assistance, and in this way found a place for everything.

The next morning he was awakened rather abruptly by a bugle call. Sleepily he wondered what it was, but only too soon was brought to a stern realization of the case, and dressing hastily he "tumbled out" to answer "reveille." After returning from the "mess hall" he was told that it was time for "stables." Putting on his white stable suit and campaign hat he fell in at the command, and was soon busy grooming a horse. The men of the troop, after finishing their own horses, are assigned others. But our new trooper had been used to doing things thoroughly and instead of expectorating some amber on his brush or using kerosene (and, worst of all, currying the horse only in the dirty places) he did a good job all over. However, after attending stables a few more times and receiving a few pointers from the men, he also had learned to play "old soldier" over a horse.

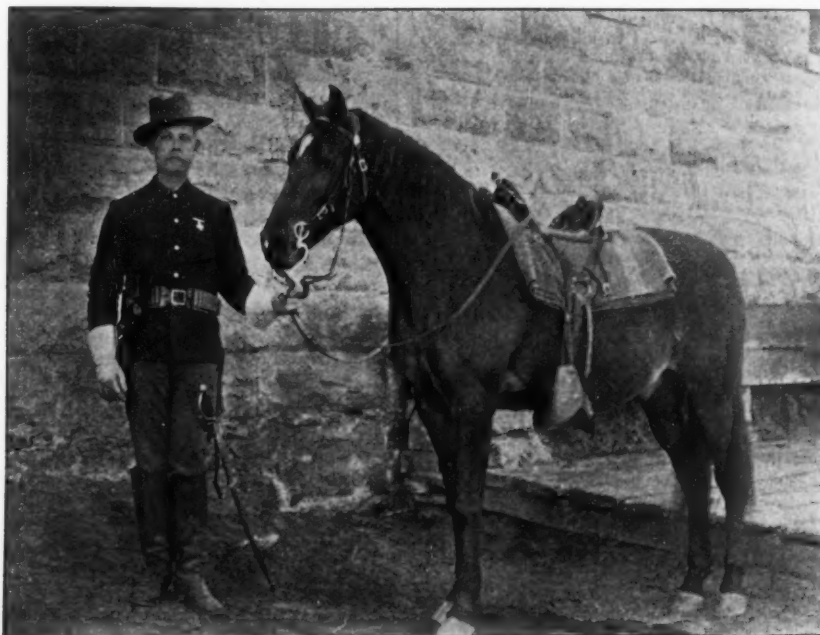
After stables he was given some more exercise. This time it was the arm and leg exercise; then the carbine drill, and later on the sabre

drill, dismounted. But we will pass over these drills and go to see him in the riding hall for his first lesson.

Going to the stables he asks for a nice, quiet, gentle horse. Of course the stable-man is of an obliging nature and gives our poor fellow a quiet enough horse, but sometimes this horse develops many strange antics, such as bucking and standing on its hind legs. Arriving at the hall, or "bull ring," he is instructed how to hold the reins, elbows close to the body, head erect and that curvative hump with the kinks out. After these instructions he is given "the reaches," and then the horse is started off on a walk, soon a trot, then a gallop and before long at a mad gallop. Oh! how hard it is for him to stick on! How he catches at the mane of the horse as he goes from one side to the other and back again, until finally in one grand masterly stroke at trying to regain his seat, he falls to the ground. See his face! It is now covered with dust, dirt and tan-bark. He is not such a neat appearing fellow as he was a little while ago. His walk is wrong and he feels as if he had been "ridden on a rail." Grit finally masters his ailments and he is on his horse again. This time he manages to

stay on a little longer, but he must be of a religious turn of mind, viz: "Dust I am, and to dust I must return." After a few more lessons perseverance wins, and he is able to keep a good seat in the saddle, dismount and mount his horse while in a gallop. He can also dismount, vault and mount, ride standing up straight on the horses' back and do many other circus feats. When he is proficient in these exercises there are hurdles and ditches to jump. Then comes the sabre exercise, mounted. This is the most interesting drill in the army. The hand in some feats deceives the eye. A strong arm, a firm seat and a good eye are the requisites.

In the English army the troopers are taught to "pull pegs" with a lance while on a charge, but our troopers use a sabre for their fine work. Cuts to the right and left are made against an imaginary enemy, both mounted and dismounted. Great care must be taken that the sabre does not hit the horse; such a cut is unpardonable. If a man is unlucky enough to wound his horse, the trooper may see it "galloping across his pay roll" for many months. These cuts are made at images the height of a man. The points, instead of being made at a peg, are made at stuffed leather



A TROOPER AND HIS HORSE.

balls the height and size of a man's head. At other times the points are made at small rings suspended in the air. In most of these points our trooper has to lean over in the saddle until within a foot or two of the ground, hit the ball, recover his seat in the saddle and be ready for the next.

After using the sabre in this way for some time, it is placed in its scabbard and the pistol is drawn. The same manoeuvres are again gone through, but instead of using the sabre to make the points and cuts with, the work is done with the pistol. Blank cartridges are placed in the chambers of the revolvers. If the aim is good the sharp concussion of the explosion generally topples the heads over. The horse in this drill requires especial attention as he becomes frightened at the noise made. Some horses can be made to "stand fire" well by first snapping the revolver. After he seems to be accustomed to this, blank cartridges of larger and larger loads are fired until finally the regulation cartridge is used.

Patrolling and guard are the hardest of all duties. It is here that our cavalryman avenges himself, if possible, on account of the harsh treatment he has received from some officer. Good stories are told by many of the men. One comes to my mind at present about a sentry challenging an officer and requiring him to dismount and advance, to be recognized, through a mud-puddle. This, of course, is none too good for a pair of patent-leather boots. Many other anecdotes are told which are very laughable.

After our trooper's thoughts wandered in the above way, he thought of what an injustice the ten-year term of enlistment would be to a man who has given from five to eight years of the best time of his life to his country, expecting to remain where he was until he was discharged for old age and then placed in one of the many soldiers' homes. But instead, how he will have to "sink or swim" with the majority of the unfortunates.

S. P.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

KING OF THE CLOUDS.

The King of the Clouds rode down to the way
Of dividing lines where his kingdoms lay,
Driving his steeds through the heart of Day.

Clogging his chariot wheels with gore,
Staining to purple the aerial floor,
Flooding the pavements to Heaven's door.

The streaming reins of his charioteer
Shone with the drip of many a tear,
Wrung from the scalding lids of Fear.

For, webbed and woven with sunbeam-threads,
Mounted with prisoned rainbow-shreds,
They carried the throes of a mighty dread.

And the King of the Clouds held locked in his palm
The whirlwind's wrath with the summer's calm,
Rich with the odors of myrrh and balm

Of groves that drank from cerulean seas,
Charging the veins of the turbulent breeze
With fiery drops from the ocean's lees.

But a nod from the brow of the sceptered king,
But a flash from the golden chariot's swing,
A crash from the nethermost worlds would bring

His scorching darts to the valley's heath,
The swirling wrath of the cyclone's breath,
The hungry jaws of the skeleton Death.

MARGARET G. CORSEB.

Fort Snelling, Minn.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

Soft, pale-blue eyes wherein is seen
Bright Fancy's love and splendid gaze:
They peer the common ways between
And set the common world a-blaze.

Los Angeles, Cal.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

Signs of Autumn.

Nights lengthen, and the wild-fowl sail
With lamentable outcry through the aerial abyss;
"The frost is on the punkin" and we miss
The "hot-enough-for-you?" man (he's in jail).
But most infallible of signs is the sign engrossed
In flaming letters: "Summer Suits at Cost."

—Spokane Outburst.

A FRENCH VILLAGE IN MANITOBA.

By E. V. Smalley.

"I want to see one of your French villages," I said to my friends in Winnipeg; "one of the old settlements on the Red River, where there is a French school and a French church and where everybody talks French." One recommended St. Norbert, seat of a Trappist monastery; another St. Agatha and a third spoke of St. Jean-Baptiste. "You will have trouble in understanding them," said one old Manitoban of Scotch birth, "for it's a queer patois they speak. I fancy it's no more like French than Pennsylvania Dutch is like German." I made choice of St. Jean-Baptiste, because it is farthest from Winnipeg of all the villages on the river and therefore less influenced by the customs and modern ideas of the city. One Sunday afternoon the train dropped me off at a little station among a crowd of loungers, all chattering in a dialect of which I could only catch here and there a familiar word. I walked along a rickety board sidewalk between a rank growth of weeds to an ugly red wooden building with a balcony hanging across its front, which bore the sign "Hotel." Part of the ground floor was occupied by a store, kept, as the painted window curtains affirmed, by "P. Parenteau, Marchand General." The remainder of the street front was a bar-room, tightly closed, to all appearances, in obedience to the severe Manitoba Sunday law, but now and then a group of men detached themselves from the crowd on the benches and beer kegs in front, entered a side-door and shortly afterwards returned more talkative than ever.

I found myself in the center of a straggling village of forty or fifty houses—some of hewn logs but most of them of wood, painted green, blue, red or white. A great variety of old-fashioned flowers bloomed in the door yards and every house had a well-tended vegetable garden where flourished beets, cabbages, turnips, potatoes and onions. At one side of each little domain was a long wall of cord-wood, as high as the fence, seasoning for the coming winter's fuel. Three stores, a grain elevator, a lumber yard, a blacksmith shop and a harness shop were the business concerns visible, but more conspicuous and evidently more important than all of these together in the eyes of the inhabitants, was the establishment of the Roman Catholic church—three buildings standing within an enclosure in the center of the village—the church edifice, the priests' house and the school taught by grey nuns. The bell was ringing for vespers soon after I had inspected my quarters at the tavern and I joined a throng of men, women and children on their way to the service. The church was well filled with sturdy, peasant-looking people. Here and there a dark face showed a trace of Indian blood. The nuns and the children sat in the gallery. The service, partly in Latin and partly in French, was intoned by a tall, stout, red-faced vicar in white vestments embroidered with gold, a black-gowned curate, with the low forehead and pinched face of a devotee, reading his breviary sedulously all the time. From the choir gallery came a strong musical male voice with which other and jarring voices mingled with lamentable effect on the nerves.

After vespers I walked up and down the weedy street, stopping now and then to admire the garden of some resident who sat on his doorstep smoking his pipe and to try upon him my half-

forgotten French, picked up long years ago in Paris. Then I joined the loungers in front of the tavern and listened to their tireless chat about all sorts of trivial farm and village matters—the Canadian patois gradually unravelling itself into little threads of meaning as my ears grew accustomed to its peculiar accent. The men were farmers from the neighborhood and young fellows attached to threshing crews that were to start out next morning. Their language did not warrant the comparison of my Winnipeg friend. It is a good deal more like French than Pennsylvania Dutch is like German. It is rather harsh and choppy, lacking all cultured mellowness of accent, but anyone with a fair conversational knowledge of French could, I should say, get the run of it in a few days.

In the evening the landlord's eldest daughter played a few popular airs on a cabinet organ, learned in St. Boniface convent school at Winnipeg. In the parlor hung a chromo of the Pope and one of that singular political charlatan, Gen. Boulanger. I had walked the village all over lengthwise and crosswise before the Angelus bell rang, noting the little flagstaves in the dooryards of many of the houses and on all the shops and stores, and looking into many interiors, through open doors and windows, neatly carpeted with rag-carpet and braided rag rugs. I had enquired about the flagstaves, learning that on the day of the John the Baptist, the patron saint of Canada, and on such great occasions as the visits of the Archbishop to the village, the people made a brave display of bunting on these little painted poles. I had watched for a time and at a respectful distance a grey nun playing croquet with a merry group of young girl pupils, thinking the while how the scene would have shocked the Sunday prejudices of an American community. After the music and an effort to talk with the landlord, who had evidently patronized his own bar rather oftener than was good for him, there was nothing to do but to go to bed. Reading by a smoky kerosene lamp proved too trying to eyes used to good gaslight. Sleep was for a long time impossible, however, for the crowd downstairs never once ceased their rattle of animated small talk until after midnight.

Next morning the village adopted me as a friend. My new acquaintances declined to speak any longer their halting broken English and insisted that I could talk French very well. The vicar told of his plans to enlarge the school house and lamented the injustice of the Provincial law which lately abolished the old custom of giving an allowance to the Catholic parochial schools. "We are paying our school tax," he said, "and instructing fifty children at our own expense. There is no public school in the village and if one were opened it would have no pupils, for all the people are Catholics and will not send their children to a school that does not give Catholic instruction. The local grain buyer, representing a Winnipeg commission house, said he was paying forty-two cents for wheat and that it was very hard on the farmers to have to pay eight or nine per cent interest on their mortgages while getting such a low price for their chief crop. The government ought to make the money-lending companies cut down their interest rate, he maintained. The principal merchant told me that he bought his goods of drummers from

Montreal and Winnipeg. He had nothing American to show me except some felt hats and two or three well known kinds of patent medicine.

The village, I learned, is eighteen years old, and in the years before Henry Villard extended the Northern Pacific railroad system into Manitoba with substantial aid from Mr. Greenway's Provincial government, the farmers shipped their grain to Winnipeg by steamboat. Now it goes to Duluth by rail in bond for water carriage to Montreal, and the "links of the long red chain" of the river are about as solitary as they were in the days of Whittier's "Red River Voyageurs." The waters of the stream are not red, however, on any part of its course that I have seen, and I have followed most of its windings, from its source in the Minnesota lakes to its mouth in Lake Winnipeg. Here in Manitoba they are dark green. Even in freshest times they do not take on a tawny hue for the reason that the banks are black prairie loam and nowhere contain any red clay. Our good Quaker poet never saw the Red River of the North and took it for granted that its name must have been derived from its color. The Indian word means "bloody" and refers to a bloody battle once fought near where the city of Grand Forks now stands.

The farms of the French Canadian settlers reach away westward from the wooded banks of the Red River, over the level prairie for ten or fifteen miles. Beyond them lies the great belt of Mennonite settlement, which is about twenty miles wide and thirty long. The French-speaking colonists are not as laborious, as thrifty or as prosperous as their German-speaking neighbors but they are more amiable, hospitable and entertaining. Two centuries of life in the cold north has not chilled the warm, impulsive Gallic blood. There could hardly be found a greater contrast in elements of population than exists here in Southern Manitoba between the merry, warm-hearted, rather lazy and easy-going French settlers and the stern, toilsome, self-denying bigoted religionists who occupy the country close at hand. The two elements do not understand each other and do not mingle. For developing a new country, and for the staying qualities that accumulate property and force nature to yield the best returns for industry, the Mennonites are no doubt much to be preferred, but for courtesy, pleasant companionship and good humor commend me to these cheery French Canadians of the Red River. They are not making much money, selling their wheat for forty-two cents a bushel, their barley for twenty-five and their cattle for four cents a pound, but they get a good deal of satisfaction out of life in simple, social ways, as they jog the world through. They are no doubt too much under the control of their priests to make good progress on general lines of intellectual development but the influence of the priests is always on the side of good morals and of education and as they are comforted in their hard and narrow lives by the ministrations of mother church and believe that she opens to them the gates of heaven, why should we cavil at their faith? They are, of course, wrong on the school question, in insisting on separate parochial schools and resisting the new public, non-religious school system of the Province, but their attitude comes from a deep-rooted sentiment, which time alone can change.

There are about eighteen thousand Canadian French in Manitoba. They were an important element numerically in the population prior to 1880, but since then they have been almost submerged in the great flood of English-speaking immigration. In 1881 the census showed that they formed fifteen per cent of the population of the Province, but the census of 1891 reduced their proportion to seven and three-tenths per cent. They are a vital stock, however, having large families, and the fact that most of them

are planted along the banks of the Red River, instead of being scattered throughout the country, will enable them long to preserve their language, their customs and their national identity. They are as much French in their feeling to-day as were their ancestors in the days of Frontenac, Champlain and La Salle. Their real capital is not Winnipeg, but the quaint old village of St. Boniface, across the river from that city, where is the palace of their archbishop, their schools for both sexes and their hospital. It is from St. Boniface that they get their political leading. In St. Boniface, on any occasion of festivity, you will see a few British flags and a great many French tri-colors.

A STORY OF IRRIGATION.

There was once a quiet, peaceful valley—so quiet, so peaceful—that lay spreading its vast area to the sunlight, day after day, year after year, in the most modest and unassuming manner. Other valleys with clear rivers coursing through their bosoms would laugh at the sober garb in which it persisted in dressing through the seasons, always the same quaker-like suit of the faintest gray that would not be green. Other valleys blossomed forth when the spring-time came, in robes of green, jeweled with every manner of beautiful flower that grows, and song birds came and built their nests in the branches of the noble trees that guarded the homes thus entrusted to them, and lulled the young birdlings to sleep at night with the tender whisperings that passed between them.

And the children of men looked with favor upon the grass-grown stretches, where the wild flowers made a gorgeous carpet, and the trees were a delight to the eye and a shade from the heat, and they built their houses in these tranquil places, and were glad of the beauties which nature lavished upon them.

But there came days when the heavens were brass, and the green valleys shriveled and scorched, and the orchards languished, so that nothing could be gathered in the autumn from the seed that was sown with great toil, in the early spring-time, and the work of man's hands seemed for naught when a burning fever took possession of the earth, and she lay, parched and blistering, unable to bring forth her increase. And all the time the quiet valley, gray and dusty, slept undisturbed in the summer sunshine, stillness broken only by the fearless creatures that bounded across its bosom. It lay like a mighty sea, and men hurried by on their way to the forests, to the mountains, or to the sunset coast, saying with a shrug, "Desertland! Nothing here but sage-brush! Unpromising country, this!"

But at last came one who looked at the sad-colored valley with the light of recognition in his eye, and the dawn of a mighty purpose in his heart. Not content with the sheltered spots and shady dells, he had struck out for himself a broad path across the wilderness, and over the frontier, panting with enthusiasm, inspired with courage born of high convictions, he came, filled with the thought of uplifting humanity and the spirit of brotherhood which brings man close to God.

Across those echoless miles he rode, and as he rode he laughed softly and patted his good horse. "Sing, oh barren! Rejoice greatly, ye waste places!" went the refrain, as a daring plan shaped itself in his fertile brain. On went the days, and on went the years, but before a decade had passed there was a day when he climbed to the highest point above the sleeping valley and looked across its sweeps of gray with the sunlight touching it into gold here and there, as the day waned, and the shadows of night fell over all.

There, on the heights, he stood in the exuberance of manhood, full of the power that comes

only to those who have won a great victory through struggles and difficulties that would vanquish ordinary souls, and gazed lovingly, earnestly to where, on the curving river, nestled a tiny village; to where the throbbing engine, the heart that was henceforth to send the life current through the quiet valley, stood ready for action; to where men with energy and brain were flocking, causing the desert to blossom as the rose.

As he looked, the sun sank behind the western hills, that towered, a grand amphitheatre, about the valley, in a sea of gold, and his lingering rays struck level paths across the prairie, throwing purple shadows on the foot-hills and deepening into a thousand shades as the twilight lengthened. Gold and rose and amethyst, a flood of melted rainbows, filled the valley, and in all the sunset splendor the solitary man smiled, a deep sigh of content breaking from his lips.

"The future home of a great people! Sing, oh barren! Rejoice, waste places! Shine on, sun, but soon your rays shall fall upon the blossoming orchards and serve to show the love light that beams in the faces of those who dwell in yon peaceful valley!"

BERNICE E. NEWELL.

North Yakima, Wash., Sept., '94.

WILD HORSES.

In your last issue I read a short article about the killing of wild horses by the cowboys for the reason that "the stallions entice away the domestic mares which then become as wild as the other horses." Before the war I was a captain of cavalry and stationed in Texas. Small war parties of Indians would occasionally swoop down upon the settlements for the purpose of stealing horses and mules, and if an unarmed man, woman or child was encountered, they would be murdered without cause or provocation beyond the desire to satisfy their cruel and blood-thirsty natures. These murders and thefts would be reported to the nearest military station and a small detachment would be sent in pursuit. I had my share of that kind of duty, which I really enjoyed; for, aside from the excitement incident to the chase, I was sure to pass through a country abounding in game and encamp on streams teeming with fish of all varieties. Every day I would see droves of wild horses. If our pursuit was rapid, some of our horses would break down and it became necessary to abandon them, which was always done, if possible, near some water course. As soon as they recovered they would join the wild herds and in every case become more wild, if possible, than the other horses. Having enjoyed for a season unbounded freedom no coaxing could induce them to surrender again to the bridle and saddle.

It has always been a question with me as to the origin of these wild animals. Indian tradition assigns it to certain Spanish stock brought into the regions inhabited by them, by the Jesuit fathers in the first days of the missions. The round bodies, the clean limbs, delicate ears and beautiful manes and tails certainly suggest an Andalusian pedigree. A stallion controls each herd, and jealously keeps his charge from all others. While grazing they move about at random, but the stallion is ever on the alert, and a snort from him is the danger signal, when they close in a compact mass and break away for some place of safety. In these flights the stallion in charge is ever in the rear, at the post of danger. Occasionally he will stop and face to the rear, and with head and tail up and nostrils distended he presents a beautiful picture. I can readily understand why stock raisers should desire to destroy, or drive them from their ranges, for no domestic horses ever joined them and subsequently surrendered their freedom.

R. W. JOHNSON.

St. Paul, Oct. 1894.



Montana Coal and Coke.

The coal and coke business in Montana is becoming very important. In the early days of quartz mining it was thought that there was no coal in Montana that would do for reduction works, but more recently extensive fields have been discovered in several districts which give great promise and are already supplying enormous quantities of the lignite and bituminous coals suitable for almost all purposes. It is estimated that the coal fields of the State cover over 20,000 square miles.—*Great Northern Bulletin*.

Apples From the Bitter Root.

The *Independent* says that the apples now being received in Helena from the Bitter Root Valley are of fine quality and handsome in appearance, and there is no reason why any other apples than those grown there and elsewhere in Montana should be consumed in Helena for several months to come. They are of better flavor than any shipped here from Oregon, Washington, Idaho or Utah, and are entirely free from worms. That Helena people appreciate the fine quality and delicious flavor of the home-grown apples is shown by the quantity now being consumed here.

A Malting Plant for the Flathead Valley.

An effort is being made to induce Irish capital to put in a malting plant in this valley which if successful will be of great value to ranchers, as barley is a crop which can be raised year after year indefinitely without impoverishing the soil. It yields about forty bushels per acre and is not injured by frosts as wheat and oats are; besides it matures about three weeks prior to other grain and is out of the way before the wheat harvest comes on. The climate of the Flathead is peculiarly adapted to barley culture as it matures during our dry season and could invariably be harvested without having a drop of rain on it, which make the difference between success and failure in a barley crop intended for malting purposes.—*Kalispell (Mont.) Inter Lake*.

They Need Canneries.

We need canneries. Their presence and successful operation would wonderfully stimulate the culture of fruit and berries. This would give employment to a good many people and add to our revenues. There ought to be at least one or two fruit canneries started in this country before another fruit crop comes on, says the *East Washingtonian* of Pomeroy. A certain and steady market for fruit and berries even at a small price would be an inestimable benefit to our orchardists. We believe a small and well equipped cannery in Pomeroy would soon find plenty of business. Just as soon as it is known that fruits would find ready sale there would be a great stimulus to production and we would have soon a great industry spring up in our midst.

Prospective Immigration Into Oregon.

Notwithstanding all the cry about hard times in Oregon, there are people in other States who are looking toward this as a land of plenty and prosperity, says the *Portland Oregonian*. When

barns and granaries are bursting, and orchards are bending under their loads of splendid fruit, people naturally complain because prices are low; but their troubles are nothing to those of people who have no harvest to gather. Within the past six months 40 families from various parts of the East have settled in the eastern part of Marion County, and Mr. von Wintzingerode, the German consul, is advised that 25 families of Germans are coming from Toe, Tex., to this State seeking homes. The exhibit Oregon made at the Chicago exposition and the prizes she won there, are evidently bearing fruit.

A Great Hop and Fruit Growing District.

"Yakima County is, in my opinion, destined to become the leading agricultural, hop and fruit growing district in the Pacific Northwest," says W. L. Thompson in the *Summer, Wash., Herald*. "The hop production has increased from 3,000 to 4,000 bales in '92 to 17,000 in '94. In my judgement the yield will run anywhere between 1,500 to 2,200 pounds to the acre; many yards turning off a ton easily. If hops are allowed to get thoroughly ripe, and proper care exercised in the picking and curing of them the quality must be choice. Between 12,000 and 13,000 bales, or about two-thirds of the crop, has been contracted or tied up in consignments to secure picking money. The Sunnyside fruit orchards are a sight worth seeing. In the sixty-acre orchard of E. Thompson can be seen peach, plum and prune trees, none of which are more than five years old, actually breaking down with the weight of the fruit."

Money in Fine Horses.

Good horses bring good prices, even on the apparently overstocked ranges of Washington. A Yakima man went on the reservation the other day and selected from a big band a pair of horses that suited him exactly—in style, action, build, etc., for carriage purposes—but he was greatly "taken back" when the Indian owner asked \$325 for the pair, and he could not be moved from that figure. The Yakima Indian breeder knows a good horse and his value as well as any man, and he does not value money enough to induce him to trade a fine animal at less than his price. Our friend found, in the course of several trips, that while the cayuses could be bought at any price from five dollars upwards, and young colts often for \$2.50, yet he could not buy a high-grade carriage horse at less than \$120 anywhere on the reservation. Breeding for quality pays every time and the careful horse breeder has a splendid opportunity with these grassy ranges and fine winter climate.—*The Ranch*.

Thoroughly Surprised.

Wm. H. Phipps, land commissioner of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and other officials of that department laid over yesterday at Miles City, and spent the day in an examination of the agricultural progress of this section under the stimulating influences of irrigation, says the *Yellowstone Journal*. Like everyone else who sees our products of irrigation for the first time, Mr. Phipps was astounded. He had entertained the idea that there were average agricultural advantages here for a limited range of crops, but when he found that in addition to the hardy crops, we were ripening an abundance of fruits and vegetables that are with difficulty matured in a range of country far to the south of us, his eyes were opened and his ideas regarding this country materially changed. He talked confidently of the success of big irrigation schemes, and said that it was his intention to put corps of engineers at work along the water courses of the Yellowstone Valley to ascertain just what area of land could be brought under irrigation. Commissioner Phipps partook plentifully of our mel-

ons and declared them the best he ever ate. He shipped two monsters to friends in the East, as specimen bricks of this country.

Profit in Potatoes.

The Jamestown, North Dakota, *Alert* says that the finest lot of potatoes ever grown in Stutsman County can be seen in a field belonging to B. W. Fuller, located on the bottom land west of the James River. There are six acres in the patch. The ground was fertilized and the potatoes plowed enough to keep down weeds. The yield will be about 1,500 bushels, or about 200 bushels to the acre. The extra size and quality of the potatoes is remarkable. Several varieties were planted and all show up big. It costs four cents a bushel to dig them, work being done by women and boys. The six acres will come near netting \$500 profit at the present price. A farmer who has raised wheat at forty cents a bushel can find it interesting, perhaps, to sit down and figure how much plowing, seeding, harvesting and other work it would have taken this year, and how much land cultivated to have made a clean profit of \$500 raising No. 1 hard.

A Comparison.

The Moorhead, Minn., *News*, in comparing the cost of producing wheat and corn in the Red River Valley, says:

Mr. Bolster estimates his yield of corn this year at fifty bushels per acre. The Minneapolis price September 5 was fifty-seven cents. This price would net at least forty-five cents at Moorhead. Forty-five multiplied by fifty equals \$22.50. The stalks and blades of corn are worth as fodder for cattle at least \$5 per acre, making \$27.50 per acre that a good yield of corn is worth under present conditions. Suppose the yield is forty bushels per acre instead of fifty. This would reduce the money value of the crop, counting both grain and stalk, about \$6.50 per acre, leaving \$21 net per acre.

What does a farmer realize for wheat this year? Suppose he has twenty bushels per acre, which is above the average, and it grades No. 1 hard. Its price at Moorhead is forty-two cents per bushel, making the gross value of the crop \$8.40. The straw has a certain small value, it is true, but hardly a marketable one that can be taken into the calculation. But if we call it worth \$2 per acre we have only \$10.40 as the outside value of the best wheat crop this year. Many farms have not yielded above fourteen or fifteen bushels per acre, and some have fallen below that.

If this section can produce corn successfully, and with a degree of certainty, it will prove of great value in other directions. It will make dairying, cattle and hog raising more easy and profitable, and it will hasten the approach of farming in the northern portion of Minnesota, and North Dakota as well, as an accomplished fact.

State Ownership of Arid Lands.

Congressman Willis Sweet of Idaho strikes the true note when he declares his opposition to Government concession of arid lands to the new States. It would surely lead to jobbery and acquirement of the public domain by great corporations and exacting landlords. Not because the people of the West are innately less honorable, conscientious and capable than their cousins across the Mississippi River, but solely because they have so many more responsibilities, duties and problems. The work of founding a commonwealth is no child's play. It is the most heroic and difficult undertaking of citizenship. The wilderness must be wrested from savagery, forests leveled, prairies put in cultivation, homes, schools and churches built, the system of government erected and set in smooth running. All these stern duties draw individual and public attention away from the designs of selfish conspir-

ators, and there is always the imminent peril of crowding too much sail upon the new and untried ship of State.

We are convinced that the people of Washington State prefer that the central Government should retain its control over and interest in the arid lands, disposing of them to actual settlers, and making liberal appropriations for the wise reclamation thereof under charge of the United States engineer corps. We have our hands full already of State, granted, school and tide lands. We shall do well to manage these wisely.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Irrigating by a Current Wheel.

In an article on the Lower Yellowstone Valley, published in this magazine last month, we gave an account of the successful irrigation of a small farm near Forsythe by a cheap current wheel, constructed by the farmer himself, Mr. A. H. Hough, with the aid of a village carpenter. We were not able to procure a photograph of this ap-

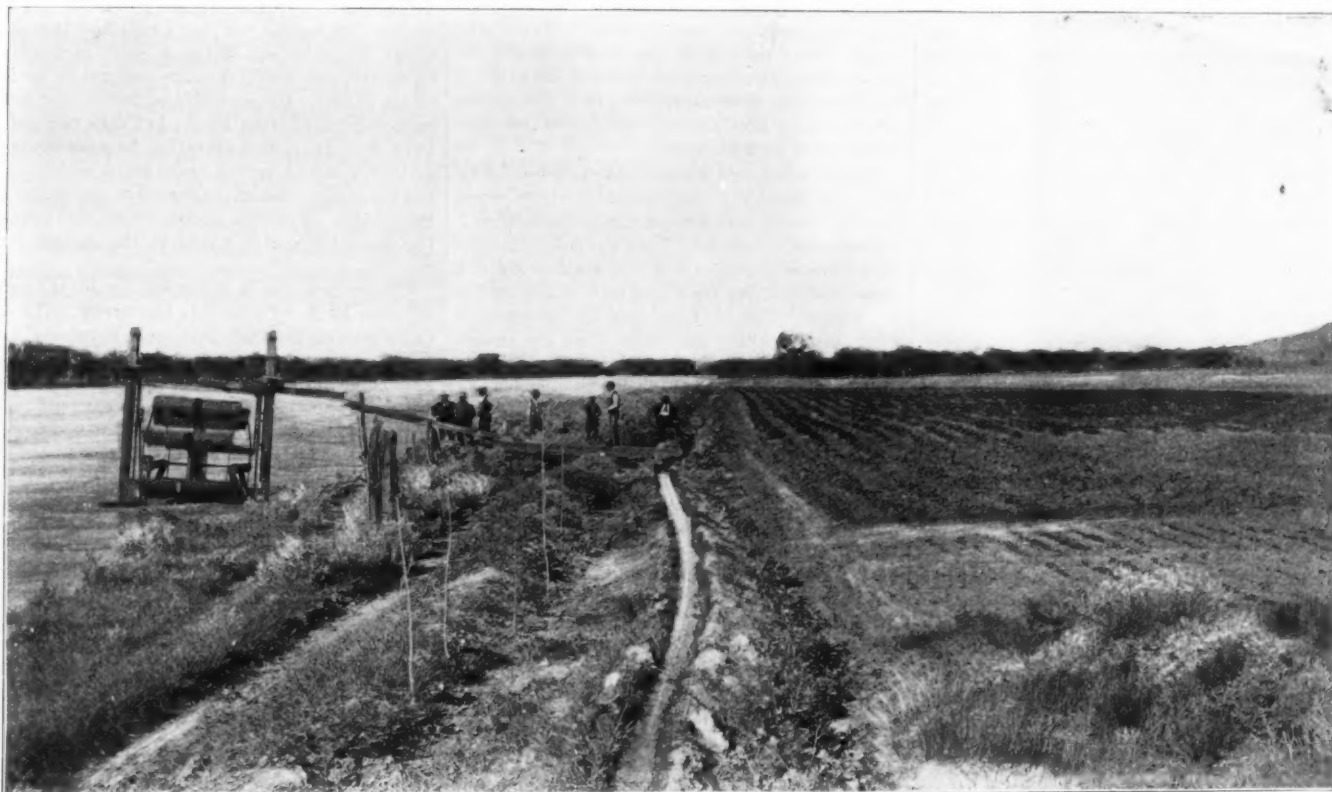
be carefully and laboriously plowed and cultivated. In North Dakota the small cornfields are generally left to the care of themselves. No systematic cultivation of the crop is ever considered worth while. As a consequence the corn crop of the State has been and is of insignificant consequence as a source of wealth. How this can be changed is plainly seen in the occasional fields of corn planted from carefully selected seed, that have matured this season by being fairly cultivated. Careful selection of the earliest ripened ears, from the largest and strongest stalks, for seed, would soon insure a variety of corn perfectly adapted to this climate, whose yield would be as positive as grains of other kinds, and which would add a new and certain source of income to the prairie farmer.

There is no more reason why the best of hard, flinty, nutritious corn can not be as easily and profitably raised in North Dakota as hard, flinty wheat. It is chiefly a matter of natural selection of the best adapted and most readily matured ears

has never failed to prove satisfactory wherever the business has been engaged in.

The attention of the agriculturists has recently been directed to the production of hogs on a much larger scale than formerly existed, and as there is scarcely a limit to the amount of coarse grain and potatoes that can be raised in a prairie region, a very great increase in the number of hogs furnished for sale may be expected when such abundance of food can be so easily provided, nor is there any necessity for attempting to feed hogs on sods as was recommended at the meeting of the Farmers' Institute at Brandon. Were those portions of Manitoba and the Northwest that are now open by railways fully settled and the land properly cultivated, the amount of food for human beings that could be produced would surpass all estimation and would astonish the world. This has already been proved by the quantity of wheat and beef that has been sent out.

The vast agricultural and pastoral regions of the British Northwest are still without an out-



CURRENT WHEEL FOR IRRIGATION ON YELLOWSTONE RIVER, NEAR FORSYTHE, MONT.

paratus in time to make an illustration to accompany the article. We give the picture on this page and again call the attention of our readers to the many opportunities that may be found along the Yellowstone for settlers to engage in mixed farming, watering their fields with similar devices. Mr. Hough's method is so plainly shown by the illustration that it needs no further description. He built his wheel and the raft which supports it in the river for a cash outlay of only thirty dollars. If he wants more water for more land he has only to put in another wheel. The simple contrivance works night and day and requires no superintendence.

Corn-Growing in North Dakota.

From specimens of ears of corn matured in this State this year, it is apparent to anyone that the chief reason why North Dakota is not known as a corn-growing State has been the lack of attention paid to the selection of the seed and the cultivation of the plants during their growth. Corn to be a success in the southern corn belt has to

for seed with care in cultivation of the crop. Nature, eagerly seeking to perpetuate every species of life, in plant and animal, will do the rest. North Dakota will wake up some morning and find she is a great corn region as well as a wheat field.—*Jamestown Alert.*

What the Country May Become.

The immense number of cattle and hogs exported from Manitoba this season and the large quantity of fine grain at present in the hands of farmers, with the plentiful products of the dairy, must give this province a character for productiveness that might excite the envy of much older portions of Canada. The country has, in a manner, only commenced to produce, for the land has been but recently occupied. It is only of late that the export of cattle to England has been attempted and the business is increasing with marvelous rapidity. Better preparations are made for feeding, better breeds of cattle are introduced and considerable prosperity seems likely to follow an industrial undertaking that

let that is at all satisfactory, for it takes as much or more to carry produce to market as it takes to raise what is sent, notwithstanding the feeble and ill-managed attempt that has been made to establish more reasonable transportation. As a consequence of this failure a dangerous condition of discontent exists amongst agricultural classes and a feeling of disquietude and desperation will soon spread from the country to the towns, for a robbery of honest labor must quickly lead to a financial disaster that will extend to every portion of the population of a country so oppressed.

At present the attempt is made to send the products of many provinces and the commerce of foreign countries over one line of railway, the owners of which charge what they please, and much of the immense traffic is sent a thousand miles further than there should be any need for, while an open sea without a ship on the surface rolls in peaceful indolence almost at our very doors, and would afford a cheap and short route to the markets of the world if men had sense enough to use it.—*Pilot Mound Sentinel.*

AN OFFICIAL EPISODE.

By Charles N. Kern.

Solomon Quigg was appointed postmaster at Keep Cool, when the discovery of gold first brought the prospectors to the gulch in sufficient numbers to found a camp. He discharged the duties of the office with such an absence of functional pride that the miners were glad to call him "pard." He presided over its destinies in the flush times, when its revenue exceeded its expense, and still assorted the meagre mail when each quarterly report showed an alarming deficit. He was a short little man, with puffy, red cheeks, and a sandy beard that floated gracefully across his official breast and rested lovingly on his rotund stomach. His bald and shining crown rose grandly above a fringe of bristling hair, and so much resembled a certain topographical feature of the vicinage that when a miner spoke of "Old Baldy" you hardly knew whether he meant the mountain or the man. And when the appellation applied to Solomon, which it sometimes did, you were not to consider it a synonym for contempt, but rather to regard it as a compliment to the speaker's friend.

Now, it had been rumored, chiefly by the people up the gulch, that Solomon was to be removed; and it was even asserted that his deposition was imminent. In fact, the folks on the Upper Bar declared with aggravating confidence that his successor was actually on the way, and might be expected in Keep Cool tomorrow. The miners didn't like this rumor at all, and discussed the probability of it being true with a good deal of fervor. They held private indignation meetings on rocks and stumps of trees, and more than one sluice-box groaned under the weight of a consultation committee. Altogether, the prospect was depressing. The bird of gloom perched on the ridgepole of every cabin and melancholy marked the miner for her own. And well she might. "For," as one of them asked, "is there another postmaster in Uncle Sam's domain who would cheerfully pause in the act of weighing out a hunk of bacon, and, wiping his fingers on the scales, get into the Government cage and hand out a letter with such accommodating readiness as Solomon Quigg? Is there another man in all the world," he continued excitedly, "who would have stayed with the camp as he has done? For we all know he could have moved down to Garnet City and taken the office with him and left us the privilege of walking five miles for our mail. But did he do it? Indeed, Solomon Quigg never done that, nor any other mean trick in his life."

When the camp was new, the ground gave up its treasure with accommodating ease and in liberal quantity; but when the surface was removed it grew more conservative and yielded the yellow metal only to abundant muscle, persistently applied, and then in provokingly small amount. The town itself shared the descending fortunes of its auriferous industry. From a booming camp that gave promise of surpassing all others on the coast, with their virile features and seductive accessories, it was gradually but surely reduced to a mere collection of dilapidated houses and miners' cabins. This has been the fate of many a mining town, but through all their varying fortunes there is one trait of their citizens that

never changes. This is the loyal homage they pay to the feminine portion of their communities, and the amusing submission with which they bow to its autocratic will. This means, of course, those women who are honorable representatives of their sex, and has no reference to members of the vicious class, who here, as elsewhere, are treated with scant civility.

Among those who joined the stampede and helped to swell the population of the embryo camp was McMutrie and his wife. His worldly goods, easily packed by two burros, precluded the suspicion of surplus wealth; and his evident determination to wrest a living from the virgin ground made him a useful addition to the crew of mercurial gold hunters.

McMutrie secured a claim and was prosecuting its development with single-handed vigor, when one day a nasty cave pinned him to the earth and necessitated a funeral. This was duly attended to, and the miners informed Mrs. McMutrie of the promise they made the dying man to look out for his widow. The lady received the information with less apparent gratitude than the honest fellows believed she felt, and declared with some dignity that she didn't think she would need any help. But McMutrie's claim proving worthless, she found in time that she would have to follow some vocation to earn a livelihood and secure a roof to shelter her. She chose the humble but lucrative calling of washwoman, and plied its duties with diligence. She rubbed and scrubbed the miners' flannels with such an eye to cleanliness that a carping critic might have said she did them more harm than good.

As the doctors moved away in the wake of departing prosperity, she gradually fell into the position of nurse and physician and magically dispelled the torture of the disabled limbs and adroitly regulated the course of rebellious livers. Her increasing intercourse with the miners, business and social, bred an agreeable familiarity that found expression in the abbreviated cognomen by which, in time, they came to greet her. At first, with strict observance of the proprieties, they called her Mrs. McMutrie; then by easy degrees they shortened the name by two syllables, and dropping the "Mrs." completely, reached the climax of good fellowship by addressing her simply as "Mack." On her part she accepted this delicate invitation to be a thorough comrade with perfect good humor and entered into the affairs of their daily lives with a woman's ardor. Her inquiries concerning their "pay-streaks" were perfectly ingenuous, and when one of these was reported as "pinched out" her disappointment was as great as if she were personally interested. She approved their many schemes to increase their limited incomes, and sympathized with them in repeated failures. A strong partisan, she urged her friends to assert their rights against the encroachments of all outsiders, and yet as a domestic peacemaker she was unsurpassed. If some of her "boys," in the heat of misunderstanding, closed into a little knot with hostile demonstrations, she would elbow her way slowly to its centre with a manner of mild rebuke, and perhaps say a word of jocose caution. The effect would be instant and soothing.

ing. The men would fall back and, arranging themselves along the nearest bar, quench their momentary anger in liberal potations of "Mountain Dew."

Now, strange as it may seem, in all their mutterings and meetings concerning the threatened removal of their postmaster, they had not once thought of consulting Mrs. McMutrie. But they would do so now; and with that wise course in view a chosen delegation called at her house. Mack was not used to being overlooked, and was half-inclined to demand an apology before she gave any advice, or parted with the coveted counsel. The delegation filed in in a sheepish fashion and found seats on convenient implements of her trade. The leader, a lank, cadaverous Southerner, had a point of vantage on an up-turned tub, and Douglass, who was expected to second the motions, occupied a humble position behind the stove. She received them with considerable coolness, but a start had to be made and Mr. Gregg led off.

"Well, Mack," he began, "we are in a heap of trouble, and as usual we have come to you for advice. Of course you have heard all this talk about Solomon, and being a friend of his, like ourselves, you would feel his removal as keenly as any of us." He paused here, hoping for some encouragement from Mack; but that personage gave her undivided attention to a well-woven sock, which she turned and darned, and darned and turned in blissful ignorance of the orator or his subject. This was disconcerting, but feeling the importance of his subject, the speaker persevered.

"There is no use in objecting now, for the man, whoever he is, will be here to-morrow. But we think we owe it to Solomon as an old-timer, and a man we would stake our lives on, to show the newcomer how we feel about this business. But we don't seem to make any headway, and can't somehow make up our minds what to do."

He was about to leave the case in the hands of the judge, but added, in the hope of rousing her partisanship, "I'll bet the biggest nugget I ever owned that that pilgrim will ride into camp on the top of the stage, and when Happy Jack pulls up at the store he'll throw down a half dozen valises, and maybe a plug hat or two, and follow the outfit to the ground with the air of an aristocrat."

Mack began to take an interest, and Mr. Gregg was encouraged to proceed. "Then he'll waltz into the office and begin to sort the mail, and stow it away as if he was afraid somebody was going to steal it. And if one of the boys asks if there is anything for him he will look him all over from head to foot and want to know if there is any one to identify him. Just think of Solomon standing there with nothing to do while a stranger buckles up the outgoing sack and hands it to the driver. For my part, Mack, I couldn't stand it, and as soon as I clean up my last run I'm going to pull up and hunt for new diggings."

His additional effort was a masterstroke, and Douglass, who showed symptoms of suppressed oratory, had no occasion to arise. Mack took the floor and, with snapping eyes and swinging arms, read the riot act, as she called it, to an imaginary office-seeker with Eastern frills, in a style that made the preceding speaker think his little effort was something to be forgotten as soon as possible. Her vigorous denunciation of the meddlesome people on the Upper Bar, and her warm defense of the faithful Solomon was emphatically approved by her auditors, and she was declared to be the biggest nugget in camp.

"And I'll tell you just what we'll do," she concluded, "we'll just boycott this new postmaster, and I don't want to hear that one of you sends or receives a letter for six months; nor don't you read a paper, no matter how hungry you are for the news."

This was a novel plan, and required some sacrifice of the men, whose correspondence was limited, but who were great readers of newspapers. But no one thought of making any objection, and when the delegation made its report Mack's resolution was unanimously ratified.

The next day picks and shovels lay idle in the mines, and their owners, to a man, were assembled about the store. There was an air of sullen protest about them as a whole, but their gloom was not altogether unrelieved. There were a few who argued that if the catastrophe was inevitable, they might as well make it an excuse to indulge their little failing for liquor, and these made frequent journeys to the "Blue Front" with that sociable intention. They would line up at the bar with a row of wabbling glasses in hand and confidentially remark to the proprietor that for a dry state of the mind like the present there is nothing like copious irrigation.

Solomon was the least concerned of all. "I don't see anything wrong about it," he said to a trio that included Mack. "I have held the office a good many years and have been as accommodating to my patrons as the official rules would permit. But it can't be expected that one man should hold over forever. There is only one thing I don't like about it, and that is the opinion held on the Upper Bar that I owe my long incumbency of the office to the fact that the authorities at Washington have simply overlooked me. When my successor arrives I will get him to take the store off my hands and then I'll try and make a living out of my claim."

A cloud of dust rolled around a curve in the road and the stage rattled along the grade on the other side of the creek. Before it had reached the bridge, where the driver always tightened the reins and threw out his whip to prepare for a dashing arrival, Mack's feminine eyes had discovered something unusual. "There is a woman aboard and she is sitting up with the driver," she cried out to the men. This announcement caused the men to look keenly at the stage. They saw a cloud of dainty ribbons streaming out from a daintier hat, and under that hat the daintiest face that ever delighted a bachelor's eyes.

Happy Jack surpassed all the professional efforts of his life, and sending his sixes across the bridge on a gallop, drew up at the store with a bewildering flourish. He hastily wrapped the lines around the brake, but he was too slow. The lady smiled an appeal to Mr. Gregg, and that gallant Southerner extended his long arms, and floated gently to the ground the loveliest feminine treasure ever discussed in all the world. As Gregg afterward declared to a group of admiring friends, "She was as light as a feather, as graceful as a waterfall, and she looked sweeter than a barrel of sugar."

While the mail was being changed un-Happy Jack handed down from the seat a modest little valise, and took from the rear "boot" a small trunk, the outside showing marks of hard travel, and the inside doubtless filled with soft garments unfamiliar to masculine eyes. When the bustle had somewhat subsided Miss Clifton approached Solomon, valise in hand, and asked with a bewitching smile if he would kindly inform her where she could get accommodations for the night. Solomon shuffled his feet awkwardly for a minute and then told her abruptly that he didn't think there was a house in camp good enough for her. "But if you are obliged to honor us with your presence, perhaps Mrs. McMutrie would be glad to take care of you."

Mack had viewed the proceedings of the last few minutes with anything but an approving eye; but loyally remembering that whoever was the miners' friend was her friend also, placed her services at the lady's disposal and conducted her to the best room in her house.

Zealous to retain her unquestioned prestige, Mack had always looked upon the advent of her sex into camp with the eye of suspicion. But the artless conduct and modest disposition of Miss Clifton precluded the belief that she was a prospective usurper. Accordingly she showed a willingness to minister to her comfort, and at the end of a fortnight magnanimously offered her a share in the emoluments of her primitive laundry. For reasons best known to herself, the young lady declined this generous offer and bestowed her society on the rough but appreciative miners. She strolled down to the mines every day and chatted pleasantly with the men on the subject of their occupation and took a surprising interest in the details of their work.

The fortnight lengthened into a month and still the ghost of Solomon's successor failed to materialize. The threatened boycott, therefore, was held in abeyance, but ready for application at a moment's notice. One day an accidental scout reported at the diggings that Miss Clifton was in the store, and that she and Solomon were having a very earnest conversation. Immediately there was a suspicious immigration in that direction, and men who had not received a letter for two years were suddenly possessed of a burning desire to interview the postmaster. Their harmless subterfuge was barren of results. Although the confab seemed to be confidential it certainly was not secret. The door was locked, to be sure, but the curtainless windows permitted an unobstructed view of the interior. Miss Clifton was seated in the office chair and a nail keg

interrupted the space between Solomon and the floor. She spoke earnestly and he listened submissively. Presently she handed him some papers, which he merely glanced at, and waved toward the official enclosure. The conference ended by Miss Clifton taking possession of the office and Solomon busily engaging himself with a book of accounts behind the counter.

When the men returned in the evening Miss Clifton stood at the delivery window with every appearance of being an official fixture. Being assured by Solomon that she was officially in charge, they hastened to their cabins with the firm resolution to repair the neglected state of their correspondence at once. The consequence was that the new postmistress cancelled an enormous number of stamps and the outgoing sack was no longer flabby with emptiness. Even Mrs. McMutrie indited various epistles to cousins and aunts, and Solomon wrote numerous letters to nephews who never existed.

The result of their scheming was not satisfactory to the residents on the Upper Bar, by a good deal, but it could not have suited the citizens of Keep Cool better if the change had been made to their especial order. For besides being agreeable on general principles, it gave them a much desired opportunity to laugh at the opposing faction. Solomon accepted the situation with cheerful equanimity, and Mack endorsed the same with unqualified approval.

Along in November scurrying clouds indicated the approach of winter, and the falling water supply suggested the close of the mining seas-



MISS CLIFTON'S ARRIVAL AT KEEP COOL.

on. About this time Solomon walked down to Gregg's claim and leaning against a sluice-box, removed his sombrero and allowed the cool zephyrs to chase each other across his glowing crown. It had been evident for some time that there was something important on his mind. Its persistent pressure had driven him to confide in a friend, and he was there for that purpose.

"I have come to you first, Gregg, because the same burro packed our blankets into the gulch, and ever since we have been more than mere partners; we have been friends as well. I haven't used you just right, pard, and I owe you an apology," he continued in a hesitating way. "If I had asked your advice in the first place, it would have saved me a heap of trouble, and at the same time shown that confidence one friend owes another."

Gregg was considerably puzzled. As yet he had no idea what the difficulty might be, but assured his friend Quigg that, whatever its nature, he could count on his assistance. "And now, Solomon, let us hear all about it, and I'll bet the result of the season's run we'll straighten it out in no time."

"Well, you see," Solomon replied slowly, "it is too late. The business is done. But I'll tell you how it was. When Miss Clifton took charge of the office, where for so many years I had seen the faces of the boys every day, I really felt more lonesome than I ever thought I could, and for a while I thought seriously of leaving camp. But I couldn't find anyone who wanted to buy out the store, and so I was obliged to stay. In the meantime, there was a curious notion got into my head, and, absurd as it was, I could not get rid of it. I lost a good deal of sleep on account of it, and I finally concluded I would have it settled one way or the other. So one day when Miss Clifton was writing in the office, I walked up to the delivery, and looking in, asked her if she would marry me."

This announcement was so absolutely unexpected that the usually imperturbable Gregg threw his shovel clear across the adjoining claim. When he had partially recovered from his surprise, he declared that style of courtship and proposal to be unique even in a mining camp, and desired Solomon to make known the result.

"Well, pard, I am glad to inform you that her answer was favorable; though being taken by surprise, it was some little time—in fact it was about a month—before she formally accepted my proposal. But it is all settled now, and we are going to be married Christmas, and it is needless for me to tell you that everybody in camp is invited to the wedding."

The weather was decidedly cool, but Gregg sat down on a damp bowlder, and, fanning his face with his hat, remarked that he believed it was the warmest day he had seen this summer.

"Now, Gregg," Solomon said, putting his hand on his partner's shoulder in a friendly way, "you may tell the boys about it whenever you get ready;" and then added, as if it had just entered his mind, "I don't see anything wrong with having a double wedding; do you?"

"No, I don't know as I do," Gregg drawled, "providing you can get two more people of opposite sex to take chances on matrimony."

"Well, then, suppose you ask Mack what her opinion is, and think about it yourself, partner."

"All right, I'll think about it," he replied absently, as Solomon shook his hand and started back to the store.

He must have thought favorably of a duel ceremony of that kind, because he sat where Solomon left him until long after dark; and, further, because a week before Christmas all his friends received invitations to assemble on that date at the home of Mrs. McMutrie and there witness the passing of Ambrose Gregg and Solomon Quigg from bachelors to benedicts.



Journalism as She Is.

The press was waiting, the hour was late,
The train that carried the "boiler plate"
Was wrecked some twenty miles away.
In short, there was the deuce to pay.
Then up the tube the editor sang—
"Shove in them cuts of Li Hung Chang!"
—*Spokane Outburst.*

Advice to Parents.

When the baby gets able to hold up its head don't try to amuse it by churning it up and down on your knee. Many a poor baby has been churned that way until its liver, lights and spleen got all mixed up together and it finally grew up to be a populist in consequence of this thoughtless action of parents.—*Kent (Wash.) Journal.*

Good for the Complexion.

When a doctor thinks a certain kind of medicine is good for a woman, he gets her to take it by saying it is good for the complexion. All the patent medicines have the clause about the complexion in a conspicuous place on the bottle. You can't get a man to take anything he doesn't want by saying it will remove freckles.—*Hot Springs Thomas Cat.*

Harvest Festival Postponed.

I had expected to give a harvest festival some time this month in the neighborhood of my potato patch, but owing to the small yield of potatoes I have given up the idea and will content myself with the fact that I have had \$6 worth of expenses, \$7 worth of excitement and \$2 worth of potatoes. Next year I will set the land out to croquet wickets.—*Grafton Record.*

Hail to the Chief.

Chief So-Dirty, escorted by six of his wives and three other kiootchmen and eighteen papooses, have returned from the hop orchards up the Pic-allup-up and to-day passed Puyallup on the keen lops, the cavalcade using up three minutes in passing a given point. He says he will winter well upon the great snow mountains, where the hossies do not bother his cayuses nor make permanent camps on his own attractive person.—*Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce.*

Fire in the Penitentiary.

The warden employs a "trusty" convict named Ole to look after his horse and do other light chores around the house. When the fire was at its height the warden sent down to the prison to have Ole let out to remove the horse to a place of safety. The night turnkey rushed into the cellhouse, calling to the night guard: "Let Ole out! Let Ole out!" A stalwart Irish convict, who was a trifle nervous at the prospect, answered in a loud voice: "Yis, ye'd let out all the Swades but wud lave an honest Irishman in here to roast to death."—*Stillwater Gazette.*

Please Return the Shot.

"Wx hopx," said the leading article in a Western paper, apologetically, "that our rxadxrs will pardon thx apparancx of this wxxx's Intzlligxncx and thx sxxmmlngly mystxrrious abexncx of a cxrtain lxttrx."

"Shooting Sam Bibbxr camx into our offlx yxstxrday, and statxd that as hx was goinx shooting and had no ammunition hx would likx

to borrow somx of our typx for shot. Bzforx wx could prxxvnt it hx grabbxd all thx lxttrxs of thx most important box and disappaxrxd.

"Our subscribxxs can hxlp in rxplnishing our stock if all thoxz who wxrx shot by Sam will savx thx chargx whxn it is plckxd out of thxm and rxturn it to us. Nxvrx mind if it is battxrd a lltlx."

The Rival Divorce State.

There is a difficulty in the divorce decrees in South Dakota. They have been granted by an easy-going judge without proper compliance with the law and are therefore declared void. Applicants should take notice that North Dakota has the only simon-pure-ninety-day-residence law—that makes it a dead certainty—for all who get divorce—in this State. Beware of all imitators.—*Fargo Forum.*

A Great Business Combination.

That far-seeing healer of the sick in our neighboring town, Bathgate, has a business combination that for a "sure thing" beats four aces. Dr. Burrows, for this is the gentleman referred to, is not only a physician but is a druggist. Besides this, however, don't fail to overlook his other business—an undertaking establishment. You can call it a "world-beater," or a "royal flush," whichever you please—its a winner anyhow.—*Langdon (N. D.) Courier-Democrat.*

A Deplorable Trait.

"The way an Indian loves whiskey beats everything," said the soldier. "I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whiskey; I'll give you my bridle for it,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my pony,' says he. 'No,' says I. Finally, if you'll believe it, he offered his bridle and saddle and pony all in a bunch for a drink."

"Well, and wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked the soldier's listener.

"Not much," said the soldier. "I had only one drink left, and I wanted that myself."

Politics are Improving.

It must be admitted that the character of North Dakota politics is improving. Time was when every male between the ages of twenty-one and eighty-seven would get too drunk to expectorate if there happened to be a convention in town. In those days the police officers were kept busy until morning carting home conservative citizens in wheelbarrows, and for days and days all the breaths in town would be a dark blue. Things are different now; a convention is no longer followed by an epidemic of jim-jams.—*Fargo Republican.*

The Missing Word.

Col. Witherspoon found Jim Webster in his yard and ordered him out. As Jim withdrew through the gate Col. Witherspoon assisted him with his foot. Next day Col. Witherspoon was up before the mayor.

"Yes, boss, he kicked me twice," said Jim Webster, who was on the witness stand.

"Where did he kick you?"

"He kicked me on—foah God I disremember de word."

"Sit down on that missing word! The case is dismissed."—*Hot Springs Thomas Cat.*

Didn't Like the Sample.

A farmer who occupies a scrub lot north of the Pembina was once the unfortunate possessor of a wooden leg. Hearing a noise one morning he looked out and discovered a bear carrying off one of his hogs. Seizing his gun the man followed the bear amongst the bushes and gave the robber a charge of shot about his ears. Although little hurt the bear resented the insult and charged

his assailant, who, not knowing what else to do, threw himself on his back and thrust his wooden leg in the bear's face. The brute seized the leg and commenced to haul the man through amongst the bushes, but a small tree getting between the legs of the prostrate hunter, the strap broke and the bear carried off the leg, evidently thinking that he had pulled the man to pieces and that if he was all like the sample he was not worth eating.—*Pilot Mound (Man) Sentinel.*

Obergfeldt's Adventures.

Wilhelm Obergfeldt, an early settler of Benson County, fresh from the beautiful Rheinland, took a notion into his head after a few years' residence in this great, glorious land of the free, to return to his native land. He took passage for Hamburg and in less than half an hour after stepping down the plank of the steamer was under arrest at the barracks for telling the soldiers—old friends of his—that they were fools for serving the Kaiser when they could come to North Dakota and get rich. It cost Wilhelm twenty dollars good American coin to appease the offended dignity of his royal German gibellets. This indignity to the newly-made American citizen highly incensed Wilhelm against his native country, and he declares in an emphatic manner: "I'm ashamed ov mine gountry, und ov pein' galled a Cherman. Iv any potty asts me vot gountry I pelongs to I tell him I'm an Irishman."—*Devils Lake News.*

The Wedding Notice of the Future.

Here is a sample of a wedding notice ten years hence: "The bride looked very well in a traveling dress, but all eyes were centered on the groom. He wore a dark suit that fitted perfectly his manly form, a large bouquet decorated his coat lapel and in his daintily gloved hand he carried a bouquet of American beauties. His hair was cut close and a delicate odor of barber's oil floated down the aisle as he passed. The young people will miss him now that he is married. He is loved by all for his many accomplishments, his tender graces and winning ways. She commands a good salary as bookkeeper and the groom will miss none of the luxuries to which he has been accustomed. A crowd of pretty young men saw them off at the depot."—*Central Wisconsin.*

He Couldn't Let Go.

A. R. Pinkney, superintendent of the city fire alarm, is an ardent devotee at the shrine of Neptune, and never fails to enjoy a sail when any yacht of the Seattle Yacht Club, of which he is treasurer, is taken to sea, unless his official duties tie him to the city. He does not often participate in the working of the vessel, so that his shipmates do not regard him as an expert; still, they think that they have a right to depend on him occasionally, at a pinch. However, the members of the club are now laughing heartily at him for a break he made while out for a sail on the Kelpie yesterday.

"Mr. Pinkney," commanded the captain, "let go the jib sheet!"

Mr. Pinkney stood with his hands in his pockets, turned an astonished countenance upon the captain and answered:

"I've not got hold of it! I never touched it!"

And the captain let go the jib sheet himself before he took time to apologize to the treasurer.—*Seattle Press-Times.*

Interpreting His Own Handwriting.

The handwriting of Banker Jacob Hoover of Spokane was the subject of much merriment at the session of the State Bar Association at Seattle, said Judge Arthur yesterday. Judge Jacobs was relating reminiscences of the Washington bar in early days. Mr. Hoover, then a prac-

itioner, had filed a lengthy petition, to which Judge Dennison submitted a demurrer, on the ground that it did not state facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action.

"In reality it does not state any facts at all," Judge Dennison said, when the case came into court. "No man on earth can read it."

"Let me see the paper," Judge Jacobs demanded. After examining it carefully he passed it down to Captain Salter, the clerk, telling him to read it. The clerk looked it over and threw it down in disgust, declaring that he couldn't read it. Mr. Hoover was then commanded to read it himself, which he did.

"Now, sir, hold up your right hand," said the court. "You do solemnly swear that you have correctly interpreted the document which you now hold in your hand, so help you God."—*Spokane Review.*

Learning How.

It was under the electric light on Prospect Avenue with which a very second-rate moon was foolishly competing.

Stealthily she advanced thro' the big gate, dragging a mysterious object with her, glancing furtively from side to side, the light of a fell purpose in her eye.

There was a dread hush on every porch along the block and even the boldest held his breath for a time. [The breaths of several being very strong this feat deserves much praise.]

She threw a lowering glance around that finally hit a knothole in the sidewalk with crushing force and took a little run like a startled fawn or a cat out of the pantry. Every eye was now glued upon her—we will mention the glue used if properly approached.

In vain. Once more she hitches her skirts and runs as above; there is a smothered shriek and a sigh of satisfaction from all the porches while the wheel reposes on its side. She has merely mounted her machine and tumbled off again.—*Hot Springs Thomas Cat.*

One Year Old.

The *New Idea* is one year old and is a rosy cheeked son of a gun and all wool. It has been a year of perpetual bliss and sunshine and honey-suckle pleasure to us. We have amiably catered to the wants of our friends and have not marred the displeasure of our enemies by word, act or deed. Neither have we been sued for libel or breach of promise. Financially, the *New Idea* has been a booming and rip-snorting success. We started in business during the panic when banks were failing and the howl of financial depression was reaching the skies of heaven. We have always been a pet with the newspaper boys and the rest of humanity. We are honored and hobnobbed and respected whether we have money or not. The people of the world know they can flatter us to their heart's content and we always wear the same size hat and esteem our friends whether they are rich or poor. We have worked incessantly

and made money and have had one round of continuous pleasure; and what more does a good printer want—for heaven sake? We are not avaricious for wealth or fame. We have only one ambition in this world of hypocritical sin. That is, to be good, and we don't seem to be built on that hypothesis, by a long shot.—*Red Lodge (Mont.) New Idea.*

A Modest Printer.

In a Western paper, under the heading "Situations Wanted," appeared the following advertisement, which shows in a fair degree the versatility and modesty of one American printer:

"Wanted—Situation by a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry and many other sciences. Has had some experience as a lay preacher. Would have no objection to form a small class of young ladies and gentlemen and instruct them in the higher branches. To a dentist or a chiropodist he would be invaluable, or he would cheerfully accept a position as a bass or tenor singer in a choir."

Remarkable as it may seem, this advertisement appeared day after day, indicating that the gifted printer was still without a situation. At last there appeared this addition to the notice:

"P. S.—Will accept an offer to saw and split wood at less than the usual rates."

The advertisement was not inserted again, so that the readers of the paper were led to infer that at last the versatile printer's acquirements had met with appreciation.

That Was Different.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp," he never tired of quoting.

American simplicity was good enough for him. He didn't really want the title "Mister." When his doting

Wife addressed him as "My King," he sternly said, "My name is Jim."

But what pride his breast inflated when the Ancient Worthy Order

Of Caucasian Cahooters hung tin collars round his neck, clothed him in a robe of purple with a red bespangled border.

And then hailed him "Most Exalted Noble Ace Spot of the Deck."

—*Hot Springs (S. D.) Herald.*



SHE WAS ON.

Miss Montana—"Oh, I know your walk, Charley. You had better come in by the front door; it doesn't look well to have you standing there."



RAIN OF GOLD.

A rain of gold, a rain of gold—

Dropping down through the cottonwood tree
Particles notched and stemmed like the leaves,
Veins and arteries: see, O see!

The sweet south wind blows on and on
Scattering gold at every gust
While a far voice sings with a sad refrain
Matter to matter and dust to dust.

"Will we, too, fall like the dead leaves?"
Cries a rare young voice from a window high.
"Must we, too, drop to the solemn earth
And the sweet south winds go hurrying by?"

Matter to matter and dust to dust.
Who can forestall the stern decree,
Solve the riddle of consciousness,
Or pierce the coming of worlds to be?

MARGARET GOULD CORSER.

Fort Snelling, Minn.

Woman Hobo.

A woman of the hobo camps at the bridge north of town caused some sensation last week. She is described as young, red headed and fairly good looking. She appeared to be doing the work of a house keeper, and claimed to be the wife of one of the men. One night she was in town looking for lodging, but usually she slept in the top story of the tank, which is reached by the ladder outside, the entrance being the trap door on top. She left a few days ago, starting out afoot and alone.—*Grandin (N. D.) Chronicle.*

A Free Bath.

The tank belonging to the boiler that exploded in the mountains a few days since was uninjured. It was loaded on to a box car and sent on its way to Winnipeg. In it are four compartments, and when the tank reached Virden it was found that each compartment contained a good lively tramp. The quarters were not uncomfortable, and with his boots for a pillow each tramp was enjoying the comforts of a sleep such as only an easy conscience can bring about. The temptation was too much for the railroad men, and as the water tank at Virden was reached the idea of filling the boiler tank with water was no sooner suggested than it was being carried out. As the tank began to fill the tramps began to rise, until first one head appeared, then another, until four heads, accompanied by as many well deluged bodies, had come to the surface. The railroad men made ample apologies, the tramps made their way to an adjacent lot, built a fire, and the last seen of them they were drying their clothes in its heat.—*Brandon (Manitoba) Sun.*

His Sagacious Cat.

Mr. Watts, a county commissioner of Kitsap, who lives near Kingston, in Kitsap County, is in the city and last evening entertained those sitting about him in the hotel office with stories about his sagacious cat. He maintains that the animal reasons and cites one of its acts in proof. The cat has a family in which she takes great maternal interest. Her home was in a woodhouse to which the dog has access. She cherishes distrust of the dog and looked about for means of security. There is a hole through the floor of the woodhouse. The aperture is large enough to admit the cat, but too small to admit the dog. Having satisfied herself of these facts she decided to remove to the underside of the floor; but there was no bedding there and last Thursday she dragged an old coat from a corner and after in-

finite labor succeeded in pulling it through the hole, spread it out sufficiently to form a bed wide enough to accommodate her kittens; then carried her kittens to their prepared quarters where they live happily, unfretted by dogs.—*Seattle Press-Times.*

A Squaw's Romance.

Deputy United States Marshal Bray escorted Hole-in-the-Skillet, a rosebud of the Rosebud Indians, to the office of Judge Cull this morning, there to be tried for debauching half of the Sioux nation with red licker. This particular squaw is known in the Circle of the Reservation, from her wierd beauty and reckless immorality. A number of witnesses were brought in to testify against her. She is highly educated, having spent her early girlhood in a Tuscan convent, the superiority of which took her under her especial patronage. She eloped from the convent with an Italian nobleman who, being placed under the ban of the church for his sacrilegious act, fled to Dakota with his dusky paramour. Here he brooded over his misfortunes, took to drink and died. If the foregoing is not in strict accordance with the facts of the case, Bray is to blame, having closed all channels of information to this office. He does not wish the department to suppose that he is over active with a view to fees, and therefore avoids publicity.—*Hot Springs (S. D.) Herald.*

The "Prairie Pigeon."

Plovers' notes are heard in the air, now-a-days, says an August issue of the Jamestown, N. D., *Alert*. The quaint, plaintive sound indicates that the bird's season for early departure for the south is approaching.

One of the most curious sounds of the prairie is the plover call. It is unexpectedly heard in open day, in the mid air, or from some other unlocated spot, and seldom is the bird seen. It is a note that once heard is not soon forgotten and, notwithstanding familiarity with it, there is always something of mystery also. The plover is a fearless or rather confiding bird, coming into the near outskirts of the town and trusting apparently to its protective mimicry of coloring and powers of concealment for protection. From an edible and table view the plover is a fine morsel, and a young bird affords certain other agreeable sensations when properly prepared for the table and scientifically eaten.

This upland plover or "prairie pigeon" is easily killed by a touch of the finest shot, and is seen everywhere at this season on the prairie and often along the roadside. Its long, slender neck and conspicuous legs make it an easy object to behold in the scanty grass. It is unsuspicious, and the victim, often, of misplaced confidence. Mated in May, the young nest in a few scanty straws on the ground and are ready to fly south in the middle of August with the old birds, and the migration is extended as far south as Central and South America.

One of the plover's notes is a long drawn mel-low whistle, but the other is a mournful call, and a distinguished ornithologist has described it as a "loud, prolonged cry, sounding more like the whistling of the wind than a bird's voice; the wild sound, which is strangely mournful, is generally uttered when the bird, just alighted, holds its wings for a moment perpendicularly before adjusting them over its back. It is frequently heard in the night and is one of the most remarkable outcries I ever heard."

The North Country.

Living beyond the settled portions of the great prairie country of Western Canada is a region of such vast extent that it may be measured upon the map by thousands of miles. Very little is known about this vast country. Portions of it have been partially explored and are visited by

fur traders and adventuresome persons, while other vast portions have never been visited by white men at least. During the past season a party of explorers made a trip through a corner of this great country, passing through a strip of territory 800 miles wide, which was never before visited by white man. A large portion of this back country is known to be wooded, while other districts are composed of prairie land, and some is of a rough, rocky nature, where travel is very difficult.

A few mission stations have been established among the Indians who inhabit the great North country. These stations are usually hundreds of miles, and sometimes a thousand miles from the borders of civilization, or from the nearest point where a white man may be found. Far away in the wilderness, a thousand miles from civilization, stands the episcopal see of Athabasca, whose bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Richard Young, made a trip out this year, and has given some information about this country. By the shortest practical route, the home of Bishop Young—the little hamlet of Vermillion—is at least ten hundred miles from Edmonton, the nearest settlement. The diocese of Athabasca includes many Indian and half-breed missions and schools, struggling for existence, with little or no support from the Federal government.

Outside the treaty limit (that is, the Indians who are living under treaty with the government) the government gives nothing but a very small grant toward the payment of teachers, though the Indians are increasingly anxious to learn. Dr. Young relates that a sample of red Fife wheat, much praised at the World's Fair, was grown at Christ Church Mission farm at Smoky River. The possibilities of the future are almost infinite. The soil of the Peace River Valley, he says, is exceedingly rich and the liability to frost no greater than in Manitoba. At Vermillion the Peace River is between a mile and a half and two miles wide, a magnificent stream. Here the only white settler, Henry Lawrence, a farmer from Quebec, killed last winter seventy-five hogs, all raised by himself. Well bred, with a strong strain of Berkshire, these pigs do so well in this far land that the difficulty is to manage the fast increasing herds. Horses there do well out of doors all winter, and cattle thrive profitably with stabling such as they get in Eastern Canada. The halfbreeds take well to farming, but not so many of the pure-blood Indians. Yet they are acquiring by degrees the learning of the Caucasians. The tribes of the diocese are the Chippewyans, Beavers, Crees and Slaves or Tinnies. The Cree language is more or less understood by all the tribes.—*Winnipeg Colonist.*

Chinese Women in Washington.

Of the half-dozen Chinese women in Olympia, only two, the wife of Louis King, who himself resides in Seattle, and the wife of his late brother have been lifted to that high social station in the Chinese world which has its specific identity in the "little-foot" woman. There are other Chinese women in this city but they are not destined to live the life of luxury and ease that marks the sister with the little foot.

It would be difficult to imagine the results from the treatment by bandages, which deprive these women of the natural growth of their feet. To get a glance at them, encased in the richly embroidered sandals, would convince one that not an American child in Olympia three years old, or even two years old, could force its foot into the dainty slipper worn by the Chinese woman. A little stump, about an inch and a half wide and perhaps four inches long, is all that is left of the natural foot. From early infancy, the girls whose parents can afford to make fine ladies of them are subjected to this treatment of bandages, which retards the growth

and draws the foot into the desired shape.

When the girl is yet an infant the professional foot binder, invariably a woman, is called in. Taking a roll of white tape about half an inch in width, two or three turns are made around the ball of the foot at the joint of the great toe, and after this "bight" or fastening has been fixed, the tape is drawn closely around the heel, which is pressed downward and forward toward the hollow of the foot beneath the instep. The heel securely fastened, the tape is carried forward to the toes, which are neatly tucked under close to the foot and then bound together and across the ends, except that of the great toe. This accomplished, a piece of cloth of peculiar texture, without a particle of give to it is bound lightly about the foot and fastened with heavy thread, the seams being whipped over again and again. Then the babe is ready for its first pair of shoes. They are usually pointed slippers with solid wooden soles and fit the bandaged feet so closely that they have to be put on with some little force. Over this shoe a red bandage of webbing is wrapped.

At the end of six months the bandages are taken off and renewed. At twelve years of age the foot has shrivelled. Instead of growing with the body they become smaller until shoes or coverings almost as small as those put upon the babe's feet are found to fit the feet of twelve-year-old girls. The foot itself is withered and useless when unbound. The heel is drawn clear into the center of the foot, and the child can no more move her toes than if they had been molded of iron or stone. The bandages are kept on until the woman attains her growth and nature no longer attempts to force her way against the stout webs of silk and linen. They are taken off, and the Chinese girl hobbles through life on two withered stumps.

It can be easily understood that the parents who thus cripple their children must be well to do and able to support them in utter idleness, for the little-foot woman as a wage-earner is absolutely worthless. It is for this reason more than any other that a little-foot woman is always the daughter of wealthy parents and that in the matrimonial market she brings the highest price as a wife; for the weeks, months and years she spends in enforced idleness are devoted to the study of the arts, music, painting and even sculpture, until when she attains her growth, at say 15 years of age the "little foot" is ready to preside over a mandarin's household, so far as education and accomplishments go, and has learned a thousand things that the natural-foot woman never hears of, or, hearing, fails to understand.

None of the little Chinese girls on Fifth Street are having their feet bound. They are being educated as American children, attend the Presbyterian Sunday School, are bright and are growing up with the advantages of close assimilation with American children.—*Olympian*.



HEADS OF MONTANA BIG GAME—MOOSE, ELK, BLACK-TAIL DEER, WHITE-TAIL DEER, ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP AND ANTELOPE.

Gambler Jack.

He was not always what he is today. Twenty years ago no young man stood higher or was more respected; no young man had a brighter future. But twenty years on the frontier have sadly changed this winsome youth and made him what he is today: a gambler, gun fighter and all around sport. He is square as far as dollars and cents go, true to his friends, respects virtue, but he is a lost man, dead to his Eastern friends and home ties. He broke the heart of one of the sweetest women in the world and is today driftwood in the current of time, with a wild, hunted look in his eyes and as restless as a caged hyena, only waiting, as he expresses it, for God or man to put his light out. He and I have been friends for years, for I know him better than any living man. I love him for himself and for his countless numbers of holy acts and deeds, and in charity and sympathy overlook the unholy ones. I will write his life just as I know it:

Jack, as I must call him, but which is not his name, was born in New York. No family stood higher than his; but they had no money, and that was what sent my friend West to build up for himself a fortune and a name. He has succeeded, but is on the red ink side of the ledger. Jack left home amid tears, blessings and "God-bless-you's." After leaving his own house he had one more goodbye to say, and that to the lovely girl who was his affianced wife. Taking her in his arms and pressing his lips to hers he took the last kiss from those sweet lips that he has ever taken.

Twenty years have rolled by and that noble woman still waits for Jack, but Jack will never go. He left her with a sad heart but brave determination and hopeful. He did as thousands of others have done, faced westward, arriving in Cheyenne in due time. He had but little money, was a stranger in a strange land, without friends, with nothing but sweet memories of loved ones to solace him. Everything was strange, new and

different. Winter coming on, with many idle men who knew the country, Jack's money was soon used up and he was broke. Day after day he tried, but could get no work. Free lunch was his boarding place and he slept in a stable nights. Well, that poor fellow finally got a job cleaning out a saloon. He had to take it; he would have died before asking for help from home. He kept soul and body together during the winter and in early spring went to herding cattle, saved his money and two years later put his hard-earned dollars into cattle for himself.

Prosperity seemed to be smiling on him, when a hard winter killed every head of cattle he owned. He went back to Cheyenne without a dollar, made a deal for a band of cattle on shares and returned to the range; got another start, was cleaned out by his partner and returned to Cheyenne broke.

One morning, going into a dance house to look on and kill time, a fight occurred, in which Jack received the ball intended for another and was very seriously wounded—so badly that it looked as if he would die. Then came the turning point in his life. No one took any interest in him except sporting men. They paid his bills and provided him with medicine and nursing. The only woman who came near him to speak a kind word was a prostitute, and the poor fellow would have died had it not been for her. When Jack recovered he was a changed man. He felt that respectability had closed its door on him, leaving him on the outside.

He has never written a line home from that day to this, has drifted all over the West, is noted for being the squarest sport on the coast. No one knows his history but me. He says he is waiting on Time to play Eternity's game. I have tried to change him, but it is a hopeless case. I know and see no help for him. He says he got off wrong and can't get back. Judge him kindly, for there's lots in him to love.—*Fred R. Reed, in Prosser (Wash.) American*.

MINNESOTA FOR FARMING SETTLEMENT

Cheap, Productive Lands, a Healthy Climate, Near Markets and Good Railway Facilities
in the Northern Part of the State.

A considerable part of Minnesota is still a new and sparsely settled region. During the active building of railways across the continent emigration pushed on further West and passed by excellent lands lying within comparatively short distances of the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth and of such important towns as Brainerd, Wadena, Detroit, Perham, Fergus Falls, Moorhead and Crookston. Now the tendency is to fill up the country skipped over in the period of speculation and of rapid development in the farther West. In all parts of the country there appear to be too many people in the cities and large towns. Manufacturing industries are depressed and the labor market is overstocked. There begins to be a return movement to the soil from which so many people were drawn into the great centers of population during the recent speculative epoch. Sensible men who find wages low and employment uncertain know that the land, industriously tilled, will always give food, fuel and shelter to its occupants. There is an increasing demand for small farming tracts on which men who are not afraid of work can make permanent homes for their families. Minnesota, and especially the northern part of the State, can supply this demand and can offer to the homeseeker very favorable conditions in the way of a rich soil, a climate free from malarial influences that sap the vitality, in nearness to railways and to good markets for all sorts of produce, and in the advantages of schools, roads, churches and towns. The new settler in Northern Minnesota does not endure any of the old hardships of pioneering. He finds all the means of comfortable living provided in advance. The country has been settled for twenty years, but there is plenty of room in it for more people.

CLIMATE OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Climates should be a first consideration with people who think of changing their place of abode. There are two classes of diseases which are originated and aggravated by unfavorable cli-

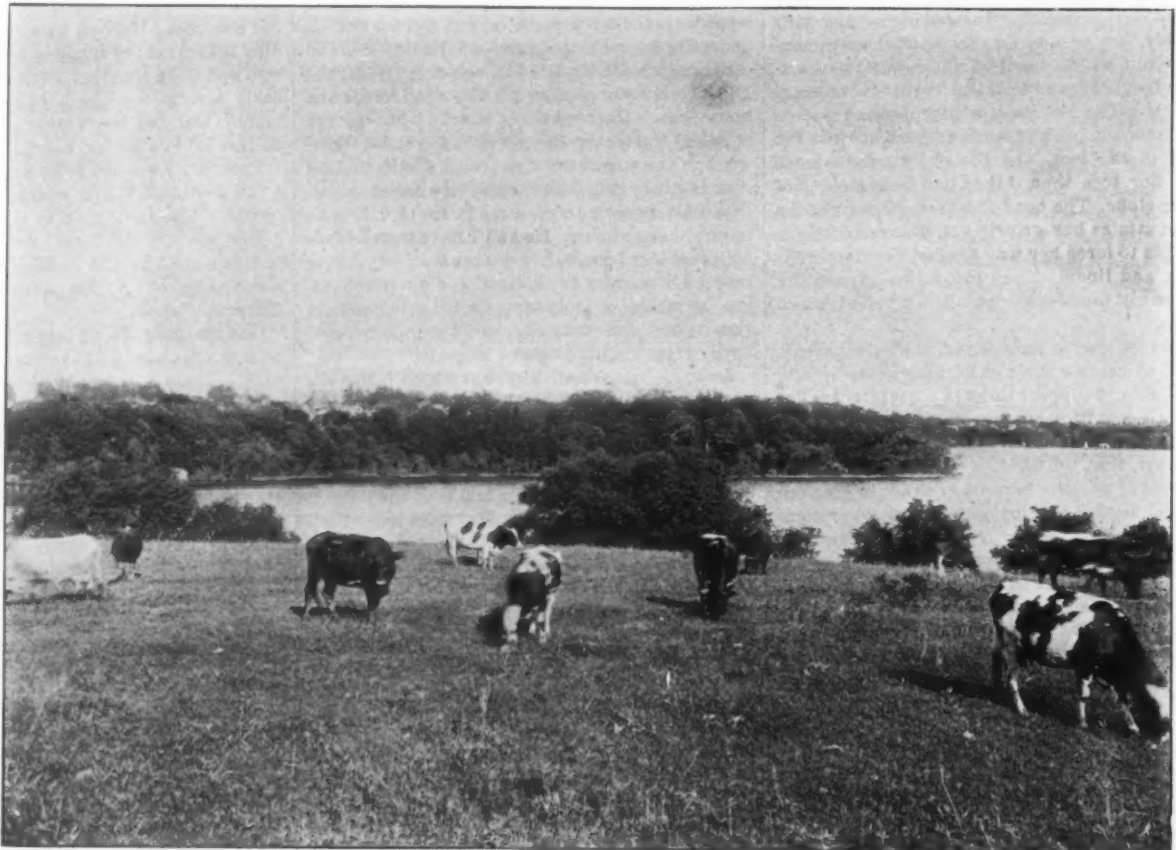
matic conditions. One is diseases of the lungs, which are peculiarly fatal in regions where there is a great deal of damp, raw and changeable weather in the winter and the early spring and late fall. The other class comes from the malaria bred in badly drained districts, especially if they lie in latitudes where the winters are not cold enough to kill the germs of disease. Northern Minnesota is peculiarly free from both these classes of maladies. It lies high upon the watershed of the continent from which the drainage goes off in three directions, north to Hudson's Bay, through the Red River, east to the Atlantic through the Great Lakes and south to the Gulf of Mexico through the Mississippi. Malarial complaints are almost unknown. Consumption seldom originates here and invalids in the early stages of the dreaded disease who come to Minnesota from other States are frequently entirely cured. Many of the older business men in St. Paul and Minneapolis migrated to Minnesota from the East when they were young men as a last hope to escape an early death from consumption. They found health and prosperity in their new homes.

The peculiarity of Minnesota air is its dryness. This mitigates the severity of both summer and winter temperature. The degrees marked by the thermometer are no indication of the extremes of temperature. Intense heat and intense cold

are not realized in experience by the people in Minnesota. Minnesota's winters are long and cold, but they are healthful to invalids as well as able-bodied people. Sleighing as a rule lasts all winter, without any January thaw. The snowfall is much less than in regions further south, such as Iowa and Southern Wisconsin. Severe storms are infrequent, and snow does not drift so as to block up the roads. Farmers do a great deal of work in the winter with their teams hauling grain to market, and getting out railroad ties and wood where they have forest lands on their claims. In the pines, the lumbermen are at work all winter cutting saw-logs and hauling them to the streams to be floated to the mills when the spring break-up comes. One fact concerning Northern latitudes is not usually appreciated by people who live in more southern regions: that is, that the days in summer are very long in the North. The great amount of sunshine in these extremely long days has a forcing effect upon vegetation, so that the crops mature in much shorter time than would be possible elsewhere.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES.

The best opportunities for the new settler in Northern Minnesota will be found in the line of general farming on a small scale, raising wheat, corn, flax, barley, rye, buckwheat and potatoes, making butter, fattening a few steers for market and keeping sheep, hogs and poultry. The markets of Duluth, Superior, Minneapolis and St. Paul and of a multitude of active towns, take all sorts of food products at fair prices and the cost of transportation is very moderate. The farmer need not spend the winter inactively. He can earn wages in the lumbering camps and he can cut firewood, railroad ties, telegraph poles, etc., in the woods near his home. The crop of pine which is harvested in the winter in most parts of Northern Minnesota is one of the most valuable the State produces and to secure it employs a great deal of labor. A great deal of cord-wood is shipped by rail out to the prairies of the two



A VIEW OF A MINNESOTA LAKE.

Dakotas and the railways of all the great treeless plains look to this region for their ties and bridge timber. The forests are a great blessing to the farmer in Northern Minnesota.

THREE KINDS OF COUNTRY.

In Northern Minnesota there are three different kinds of country. First there is the great pine region reaching from Lake Superior westward to and beyond the lakes and streams which form the Mississippi. Most of this great area is not fit for cultivation, but there are numerous streaks and spots of very rich soil along the margins of rivers, creeks and lakes that make excellent farms. Settlers on these lands can usually sell everything they raise to the neighboring lumbering camps and sawmill villages. West of the pine region there is a long, narrow strip of country timbered with hardwood, with many prairie openings and with a multitude of small lakes well stocked with fish. This is called the Lake Park Region. The soil of the hardwood forests is as good as that of the prairies. Many settlers make a good living cutting off the timber while getting their fields in shape for tilling.

Land can often be secured that is part woods and part prairie and that has a frontage on a beautiful lake of pure cold water, where black bass, pike, pickerel and muscalonge can be caught. West of the Lake Park Region lie the vast prairies of the Red River Valley stretching way to the horizon and diversified by narrow fringes of timber along the streams. The first settlers in this part of Minnesota secured as much land as they could with a view of engaging in exclusive wheat farming on a large scale. Since the great decline in the price of wheat there is a general disposition among them to divide their farms, to welcome new settlers and to sell them land all ready for cultivation at very low prices.

On the eastern side of the valley there is a large amount of unsold railroad land, which was until recently in litigation between the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba companies. The courts finally determined that the Northern Pacific owns it and it is now on the market at very low prices. This land is a slightly rolling prairie, drained by streams that flow to the Red River. It is of excellent quality for general farming and lies convenient to towns and railroads. The settler who likes a prairie country will have no difficulty in establishing himself in a choice locality, on deep, rich black loam and will have to pay a price that will seem to him only trifling in comparison with the prices asked for no more productive lands in the older prairie States. He should not make the mistake, however, of expecting to support his family for a whole year by a few weeks' work on a wheat crop. He should diversify his farming at the start and keep domestic animals to help out his income and to occupy his time.

AVAILABLE LANDS IN MINNESOTA.

The lands available for new settlement may be divided into three classes: Government lands, State lands and unsold railroad lands. The great bulk of the unappropriated Government lands lie in the undeveloped or partly developed northern part. These lands can now be taken up under the homestead provisions of the homestead law. A good deal of the Red Lake and White Earth Indian reservations is shortly to be thrown open to settlement, and this will add about 8,000,000 acres of available Government lands. The State lands consist of unsold sections set aside for the support of the public schools, of lands remaining in the University fund and the Internal Improvement lands. It is estimated that the total of all

this class, the whole of which are in the State, and which are open to purchase by settlers, is now a little less than 2,000,000 acres. The railroad lands consist of the unsold railroad lands granted in aid of the construction of railroads by Congress. They lie principally in the northern counties, the largest holder being the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has now unsold in Minnesota about 1,150,000 acres. It will be seen from these figures that notwithstanding the great progress made by Minnesota and the fact that it contains a million and a half of people, it still has a very large amount of land open for original settlement.

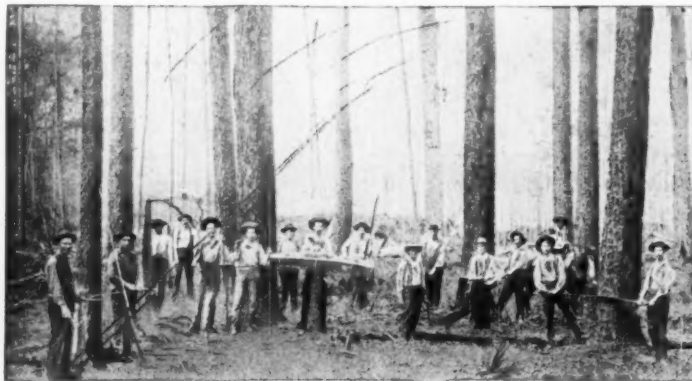
FURTHER INFORMATION.

Information concerning any particular county, town or district in Northern Minnesota, price of lands, local conditions, railway fares and other matters of interest to intending settlers, will be furnished on application to Wm. H. Phipps, Land Commissioner Northern Pacific Railroad, whose office is in the New York Life Insurance Company's building, St. Paul, and maps and printed matter will be mailed to all who apply by letter.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PLAINS.

The plains!

As far as the vision extends naught save the waving grass greets the eye. Across the pathway of the buffalo the skulking wolf, the outlaw of the animal kingdom, threads his weary way.



A FELLING CREW IN THE MINNESOTA PINERIES.

Far o'erhead the peerless eagle, apparently defying the laws of gravitation, wings his rapid flight into the translucent air of freedom. The sun, a disc of fiery red, descends into the very sea of waving grass. The scene with marvelous rapidity assumes different phases as the evening approaches. What is that speck far toward the west? It is coming toward the eastern horizon. Closer and closer it approaches.

It is a man!

May the fates help him. His horse has given out, for he staggers to and fro. The solitary individual is pursued by wolves. They rush. They gnash their teeth. The crack of his rifle holds them at bay. For a second the voracious animals halt, but with renewed hostility the attack is resumed. Only a miracle can save the brave man. A shade of disappointment overshadows his swarthy countenance.

His last shot is in his rifle!

His powder has leaked out. He abandons his horse, who, now free, trots painfully onward. The man is fighting against fate. He staggers, he falls. His rifle slips from his hands. A report—the last bullet is gone. The savage, infuriated beasts surge onward. They flee. Now they scatter, as though pursued by an evil spirit. A tiny flame shoots upward.

The prairies are afire!

Now like a writhing serpent of fire the flames twist and turn, now gaining headway, a veritable

sea of fire rolls westward, urged by an aggressive breeze, consuming all things in its pathway. Morning on the plains!

Like a sombre sea the blackened and parched earth appears. A white-covered wagon picks up the stranger, and the horses speed over the prairies. The fort is reached. The stranger, after a month's raging fever, once more rides o'er the boundless plains. Was it a miracle that saved his life? It seems so. The discharging rifle, as it fell to the earth, ignited the grass, which saved his life.

This is only an incident of the many adventures which took place on the plains of Dakota in pioneer days, ere the railroads crossed the trackless wilds and the farmer had reclaimed to civilization the fruitful lands. S. F. GILLESPIE.

A REGION RICH IN FOSSILS.

"The Bad Lands," said Doratio Garrett, one of the most earnest rock delvers of the party from Princeton College that recently visited the Bad Lands of North Dakota and Montana, to collect fossils, "are a strange combination of desolation, horror, and incomprehensible freaks of the primeval world. There are lofty peaks, bare and brown—baked into spires of burning rock by the hot suns of a million years. The valleys between are white deserts, covered with the bitter, dusty, blinding alkali that has made all that country a desert worse than Sahara ever was said to be.

The rivers run white or turbid with this alkaline concretion in winter, and are dry and dusty channels in the summer. The peaks, the valleys, and every feature of the whole region, in fact, seems to be thrown down upon the earth in nature's angriest mood—a hideous conglomeration, in which even the geological strata are displaced and entangled. This strange region was once the salt-washed bottom of a sea, and the traces of the receding waves are visible on every hand. The fossils, which were now our main pursuit, are mostly aquatic animals. Few birds, and those mostly of the semi-reptilian character, are found among them, while innumerable

bones of gigantic saurians dot the shale and sandstone of the valleys. Mingled with them are remains of bear, antelope and buffalo, and relics of an intermediate age, the bones of the mastodons and elephants—not mammoths—and of a three-toed equine, one of the ancestors of the present horse.

"Some of the saurians of the eocene and miocene periods were indescribably hideous. Looking upon the remnants of these monsters and gazing on the awful scenery of the country—a bit of hades upturned to view, one might say—is it any wonder that the Indians shunned the Bad Lands and said they were the haunts of ghosts and the home of evil demons?"

SOMETHING NEW.—A St. Paul man has discovered something that will no doubt make him famous. It is nothing more nor less than a mixture of powerful drugs that has the power, when attached to any part of the clothing, to disinfect the space for four feet in every direction from where it is located. It has the appearance of a piece of beeswax, and when placed under a powerful glass can be seen to move and contract and expand like something living. The discoverer tried it by placing a piece of it on his coat lapel and going among the small-pox patients four weeks ago. So far he is all right, and the discovery bids fair to revolutionize the matter of disinfection and do away entirely with vaccination.

SOLID SAINT PAUL.

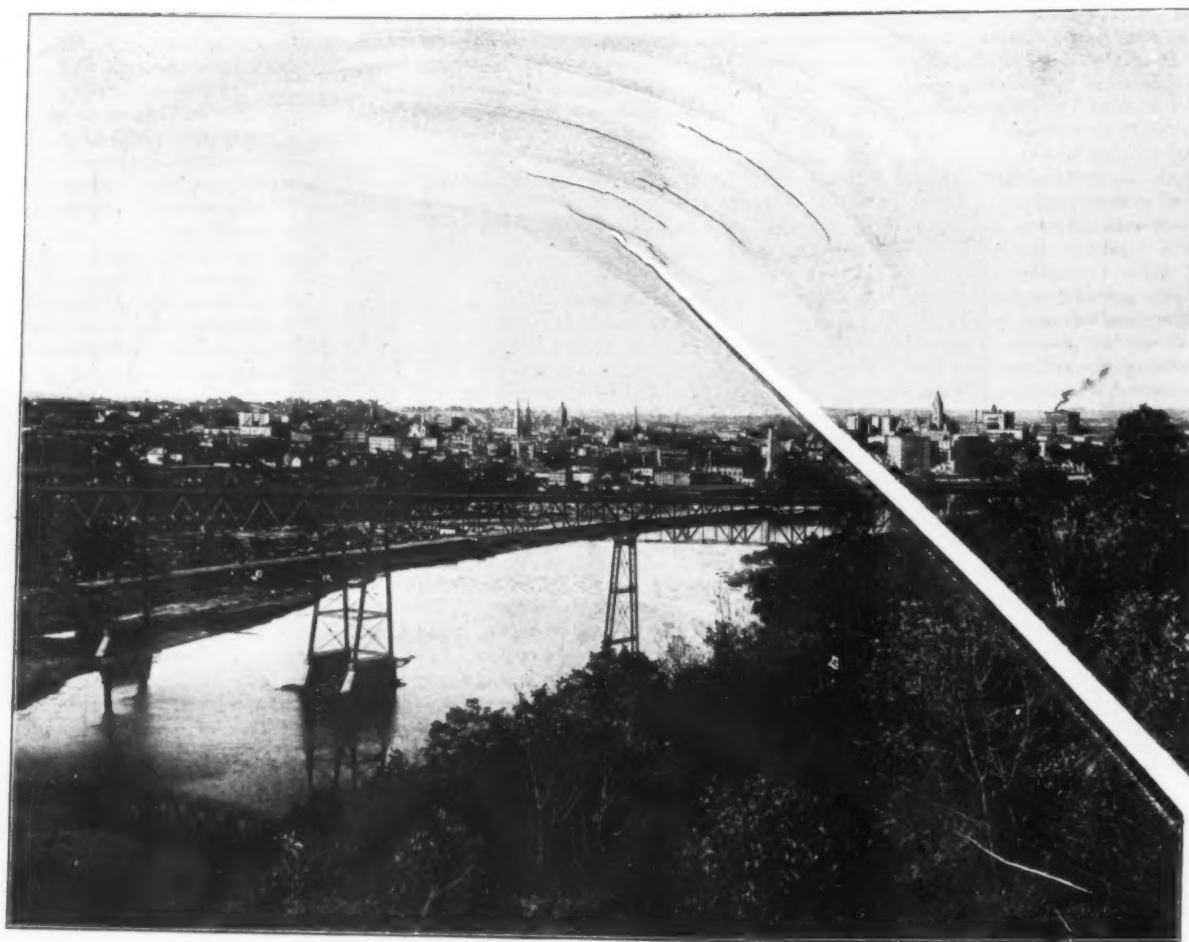
A View of the Present Business Situation in Minnesota's Capital City.

St. Paul is steadily climbing out of the ruts of hard times. The jobbing trade, which is the strongest feature of the city's business affairs, has almost regained its normal volume. In all lines of trade increased sales are reported, with good collections and a hopeful feeling for the future. The bank transactions are much heavier than they were a year ago and in the case of some institutions show an increase over the figures of 1892. Money is reasonably easy for all the ordinary demands of established business but continues to be tightly held when any projects of a speculative character are brought forward. In retail trade there is a decided gain, but buyers

harvester works, the Bohn Manufacturing Co., which makes interior finishing, the cordage works, the car wheel works, the creamery, the foundries, the breweries, the stove works, the shoe factories, the clothing factories and the packing houses, and most of these have been increasing the number of their employees during the past few months.

When we look about at the condition of the other cities of the West we find that we have been more fortunate than most of them. We have not suffered from the universal business depression as much as Omaha, or Sioux City, or Kansas City, or as much as San Francisco, if we extend

calities. This accounts in part for the number of houses now vacant. Another cause is the tendency of people to economize by living in closer quarters than formerly, families occupying rooms in the upper stories of business blocks, and among the poorer classes two families frequently being found in houses formerly occupied by one. Then the movement for the erection of big apartment houses, which has gone on in spite of the hard times, has much to do with the matter. A single large apartment house will empty twenty or thirty dwellings. A number of buildings of this class have been put up during the past year and all seem to find tenants readily, at the expense,



VIEW OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA, FROM THE BLUFFS ABOVE HIGH BRIDGE.
Length of High Bridge, 2,770 feet; maximum height, 200 feet.

who have felt the pinch of diminished earnings and incomes are still cautious and economical. There have been no mercantile failures of late of any consequence and all the stores have adjusted their affairs to the new era of reduced prices and small profits and are getting along pretty well. Our manufacturing concerns probably felt the force of the financial storm more severely than any other interests. A number of the smaller ones show closed doors but all the really important ones are at work, such as the

the range of our observation as far as the Pacific Coast. We have not lost population, although a stranger might hastily conclude that we had from the number of houses for rent. Our school enrolment is greater by 1,200 than it was a year ago and the figures of 1893 showed about the same increase over those of 1892. The town was somewhat overbuilt during the boom period, especially in the suburbs, where real estate speculation led to the erection of many houses as baits for people to move out and populate the new lo-

of course, of the owners of dwellings that the people moving into them formerly occupied.

We have made some additions during the past year to our business blocks—one large building in the wholesale district and a number of good modern structures on the retail streets. The transfer of first-class retail trade to Sixth Street and to the upper part of Fifth Street, near the post-office, from Third Street, its old habitat, has gone on steadily but its progress has been a good deal delayed by the lack of new buildings

to accommodate the merchants who want to move. Capitalists who had plans made two years ago for building on Sixth Street have in most cases delayed carrying them out until a further easing up in the times. Still, the past season has witnessed the erection of three blocks on Sixth near the corner occupied by the Mannhelters, who were the pioneers in the movement to transfer the retail district to streets further back from the river than that which it occupied in the early days. Third Street, newly paved, is still a busy thoroughfare but is no longer a shopping street for ladies. Commission houses now occupy many of the stores once tenanted by dry goods firms, jewelers and milliners. Wabasha Street has gained notably of late in the volume of its trade, and Robert Street, from Third to Sixth, is now the busiest street in the city. Seventh Street, our Bowery, holds its own well and is destined to a great advance when the new asphalt pavement is laid, which the council would have put down this fall if the street railway company had not thrown obstacles in the way. Jackson Street, with its five banks, is our local Wall Street. It shows some improvement, but being already solidly built is not likely to undergo any marked change. A large apartment house has been erected at the corner of Arundel and Marshall, "on the hill," and another on St. Peter Street, near its junction with Wabasha; and there are a number of smaller flats and apartment houses to be noted in different parts of the city that have gone up during the past few months.

Dwelling construction has been mainly limited to houses of a pretty good class put up by people of means who have taken advantage of the low prices prevailing in labor and materials to make a dollar go almost as far as two went a few years ago. It is surprising for how small a figure you can now get a handsome and thoroughly modern house of eight, ten or twelve rooms, with

owes its origin to a donation of \$500,000 made by J. J. Hill, the railway president, is for general collegiate education and also for the training of young men for the Catholic priesthood. With its large endowment and its complete facilities for its work it will soon become the most important institution of its class in the West.

Railway earnings on our Northwestern roads went down to a very low ebb last winter, last spring and in the early summer. About the first

improvement in the railway facilities of the Mesaba iron district. The Great Northern has surveyed a cut-off line from Fosston to Duluth for the wheat of the lower valley of the Red River. Surveys have been going on for a projected road from the Mesaba mines to connect with water navigation at St. Paul or Stillwater and thus give cheap iron ore to St. Louis in place of that taken from the falling mines of Iron Mountain. A road from Morris to Brown's Valley is on the cards



ST. PAUL.—PIONEER PRESS CORNER, FOURTH AND ROBERT.



ST. PAUL.—AT FIFTH AND ROBERT: "ALL ABOARD FOR MINNEAPOLIS!"

hardwood finish, steam or hot water heating, good plumbing and all the many little things that architects devise to make life easy and cheerful.

An important addition to our educational facilities has been made during the past year by the completion of most of the buildings of the new Hill Catholic College and the opening of the institution. The numerous structures of this institution occupy a handsome wooded plateau on the left bank of the Mississippi River near the terminus of Summit Avenue. The college, which

of August the tide turned and there has since been a marked improvement. Various projects for new railway building in the territory tributary to St. Paul were nipped in the bud by the financial crisis last year and have not yet been revived. Our near trade territory is so thoroughly occupied by existing lines that it is hard to find a town of more than a thousand inhabitants that has not already two competing roads. In Northern Minnesota a logging road is now progressing northward from Brainerd and there has been an

for future construction and the opening of the White Earth Indian Reservation will no doubt soon lead to the building of a road from Red Lake Falls to some point on the Red Lake, where an important sawmill town is pretty sure to grow up.

The United States Government is now surveying the various routes for a canal from Lake Superior to St. Paul that promises to prove practicable. A good deal of interest is felt in the matter in both the Twin Cities. It is the general opinion that a deep-water ship canal will prove to be too expensive an undertaking for Congress to adopt, but that a large canal for the transportation of grain, iron ore, coal, lumber and general merchandise will be found by the engineers to be entirely feasible and that the estimates of cost will be so moderate that our representatives at Washington can push the enterprise with a fair chance of securing the necessary appropriations for its construction. Such a work would be of immense importance to the commerce of St. Paul, opening, as it would, an unbroken waterway from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes for all craft that can navigate the river.

Now that the business horizon is clearing up we look forward hopefully to a further development of our manufacturing facilities. The Watrous Engine Works, an established concern, is about to erect a large plant on the levee in West St. Paul. A project which was a good deal talked of a few years ago for establishing a large tannery to make leather for our local shoe factories from the hides of the cattle slaughtered at the stockyards, will soon be revived. This is an industry for which there is an evident and very favorable opening. A number of minor manufacturing lines are still unoccupied here which are recognized features of the business activity of most cities of the size of St. Paul and will be sure to attract capital and enterprise, now that the hard



ST. PAUL.—VIEW AT SIXTH AND ROBERT—MANNHEIMER BROS. BUILDING AND HOTEL RYAN.

times are over and money seeks investment. Our growth in the immediate future is evidently going to come from the steady increase of our manufacturing output as well as the expansion of our wholesale trade. The city has a wide field for both branches of business energy in the entire territory reaching westward to the Pacific Coast. There is no other extensive region on the American continent that has as large possibilities for future development as the Northwestern States, and St. Paul stands in the gateway from the East, prepared by its capital, its old established commercial houses, its banking facilities and its numerous manufacturing plants to supply the needs of this vast extent of new territory. The future of our city is bright. We shall probably not witness another period of feverish speculative activity, but we are at the opening of a new era of moderate, steady expansion in all our lines of business.

An important element in the causes which have developed St. Paul into the city of to-day, and one which operates all the time in a quiet way and is sure to go on operating in the future, is the desirability of the city as a place of residence for cultivated people. We constantly draw accessions to our population from towns large and small in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and the Dakotas, of men of means who can afford to make a change that will enable them to secure for their families the social, educational and other advantages of a large city. These people find in St. Paul a city that is peculiarly healthy, where the death rate is only about eleven in a thousand per year, a city that is picturesque, stable and well-built; that has good water and good drainage; that has an excellent system of cable and electric roads; that has public schools which rank with the very best in the country; that has six colleges and numerous private schools; that has peculiarly attractive residence streets, well-shaded, well-paved and well-lighted; that has a handsome park on the banks of a beautiful lake easily accessible by electric railway, or as the incentive

for a pleasant drive; that has good theaters, clubs, churches and an active, cultivated social life. When the old wooden pavements on a few of our business streets are replaced with asphalt, as they will be during the next year, St. Paul will be almost above criticism as a home city, possessing everything requisite for a high standard of comfortable living

FACTORS OF BUSINESS STRENGTH.

These are the main factors of St. Paul's business strength:

First—Long established commercial relations, beginning when the city was a remote trading post on the frontier of civilization in the Northwest, reached only by a long steamboat voyage on the Mississippi, and when merchandise was transported hence into the interior, to Indians and trappers, by dog sledges and Red River oxcarts, expanding with the advance of settlement and the building of railroads, until now these relations cover all the country between Central Wisconsin on the east and the Pacific Ocean on

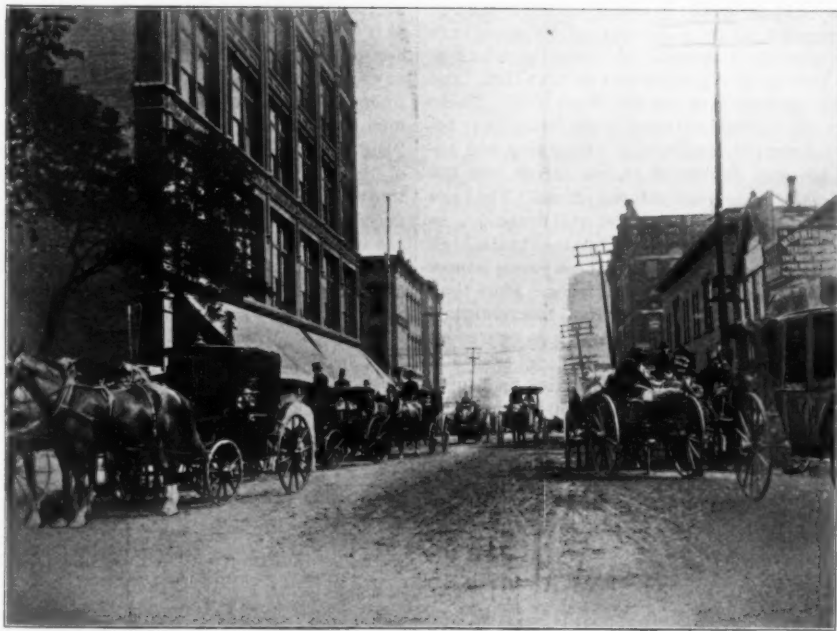
the west. The jobbing trade of St. Paul is the foundation of the city's entire edifice of business and population. This trade is destined to expand in the future as it has done in the past with the progress of the immense region over which its activities now extend.

Second—The State capital. This is not only valuable for the prestige it gives the city, but it is the source of a good deal of substantial business revenue. People who come to St. Paul from all parts of the State on affairs of politics, law or State find it convenient to open business relations with our merchants, manufacturers and bankers.

Third—A great center of railway activity and management. St. Paul is the transfer point for freight and travel going to and coming from the Northwest. It is the headquarters of five important systems of railway—the Northern Pacific, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha, the Great Northern, the St. Paul & Duluth, and the Chicago Great Western, all of which have their general offices here. Other roads running lines to St. Paul are the "Soo," the "Burlington," the "Milwaukee," the Wisconsin



ST. PAUL.—STEVENS & ROBERTSON'S ART STORE, SIXTH STREET.



ST. PAUL.—WEST SIXTH STREET, NEAR WABASHA.

Central and the Minneapolis & St. Louis. No where west of Chicago is there a passenger train movement equal to that which comes in and goes out of the Union Depot in St. Paul.

Fourth—Manufacturing industries. The chief lines of industrial production are wood, iron and steel, brass, leather, farm machinery, cordage, clothing, furs, tinware, beer and packed meats. A few minor concerns went down in the late financial storm, but all the important establishments came through it safely and are on a solid foundation, prepared to meet all demands from the growing population of the Northwest.

Fifth—A clean, healthy, comfortable and attractive city for homes, where living is not expensive and where everything is available, at moderate cost, that goes to make life agreeable.

Sixth—A large and highly fertile agricultural country surrounding the city on all sides, reaching east and northeast to the great pineries of Minnesota and Wisconsin, south into Iowa, north and northwest to Manitoba and west and southwest into North and South Dakota as far as there is sufficient rainfall for farming.

Seventh—The head of navigation on the Mississippi River. This is not as important a factor as it used to be, now that the river is paralleled on both banks by railways, but it is still a valuable aid in the distribution of commerce.

Eighth—Good elements of population. The old American element, drawn largely from the Middle States and from New England, predominates in the higher business circles, and is reinforced to some extent by able men of German, Irish and Scandinavian birth. In retail trade, the mechanical industries, the factories and general labor, the foreign elements are strong, but the American stock is everywhere found. And the foreigners become rapidly Americanized under the influence of free political institutions and open business competition.

SOME BUSY CORNERS IN ST. PAUL.

Architecturally, the neighborhood of Sixth and Robert streets might be named as the most interesting point in the business district of St. Paul. It is partly so because of the buildings being new and clean, as a general thing. The great brick structure that has been for nearly ten years a conspicuous object—the Hotel Ryan, on the northeast corner—rather towers over the other

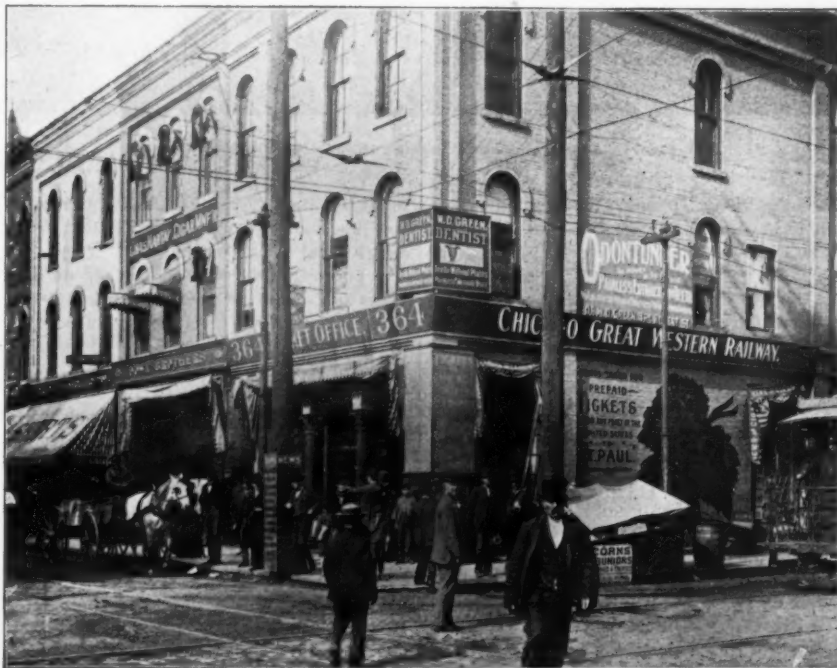
buildings, and holds constantly the peculiar interest that always centers in a big hotel. Across the way is Mannheimers' great five-story retail drygoods house, built in the most modern style of iron, with cream brick facings, cheerful looking, and entirely unique in its architecture. One cannot help contrasting this and other large retail stores of the present day with the gloomy shops of thirty years ago.

The handsome five-story brick on the southwest corner is the Chamber of Commerce—always busy during the day, and by reason of its situation between the hotel and the Metropolitan Opera House, never lonesome in the evening. The fourth corner is occupied by an old, back-number frame building, on the ground floor of which is the attractive fruit store of an enterprising man. He will soon have to vacate, however, as the Boston Clothing House is to erect a building that will afford a less painful contrast

to the surroundings. Up Robert Street half a block and opposite the Ryan and Mannheimers' is the terminal station of the Interurban line, where one of those elegant eight-wheeled, vestibuled electric cars is usually waiting to whirl you over to Minneapolis. They leave every seven minutes and reach Nicollet Avenue, ten miles away, in about forty-five minutes. The cars are generally well filled, even when rounding the "loop" at either end of the line.

Our artist has made an excellent picture of the new buildings occupied by Mannheimer Bros. and Schliek & Co., on Sixth Street, looking toward the Ryan. Another is that showing the building of W. A. Frost & Co., at Sixth and Minnesota, and the Metropolitan Opera House. From this corner on down Sixth to Sibley, three blocks, the street is almost constantly jammed during the day with vehicles, and of every description, from a load of hay to a Shetland pony and cart; from a butchers' delivery wagon to a swell barouche or lofty trap. The fashionables leave their liveried coachmen in charge of their fine turn-outs, which frequently line both sides of the street from Robert to Minnesota. It is a panorama of active city life that six years ago few people expected to see in that locality, and is yet so new that it is a subject for every-day comment.

Down Robert, in the neighborhood of Fifth Street, is another busy scene, day and night. The after-dark activity of the place is due chiefly to the great number of electric cars that pass this corner; that traffic during the day creating such a noisy, bewildering scene that visitors from the country and even many suburban residents are almost distracted, at times. This crossing divides the honors in respect to street cars and noise only with that at Seventh and Wabasha. Robert and Fifth can hold up its head with any corner in the city in the way of big business blocks and busy stores and crowded restaurants and glittering bars. For here on the southeast corner is the magnificent Manhattan office building, of red sandstone and brick and seven stories high. Next to it is the Robert Street entrance to the Endicott Arcade, and across on the northeast corner are the city ticket offices of the Chicago Great Western Railway, which the artist has trained his camera on at a favorable moment. Another interesting picture is of passen-



ST. PAUL.—AT FIFTH AND ROBERT.

gers boarding an Interurban car just after it has turned north into Robert from Fifth.

The east side of Robert Street from Fifth to Fourth is a most imposing block of business structures, as there are three stone and brick buildings in it, and occupying the entire space, seven, six, and thirteen stories, respectively, in height. These are the Manhattan, the Endicott, and the Pioneer Press. The latter, at the corner of Fourth, with its thirteen floors, reaching way up above the other tall buildings, with its massiveness and impressive architecture, lords it over the "Lower Town," and is rivalled in loftiness only by the City Hall and the Globe Building, on higher ground two blocks to the west. This majestic edifice, o'ertopping all others in St. Paul, contains within its walls human beings sufficient in number and variety of occupations to make a good-sized village. They pour in and they pour out during business hours in a cease-

building's industrial life. At noon and at six o'clock naturally the greatest throng is seen on the corners, as then the big buildings begin to discharge their torrents of humanity, which at once rush upon the cable cars to "the Hill," and to the electric cars for the West Side. These ranks are scarcely thinned at the latter hour before a swarm of hundreds of young men and women are seen coming up Fourth Street from the wholesale houses and railway offices. They are usually contented looking and well dressed. As they hurry past, you will not fail to note the high average of good looks among these young women and many positively beautiful faces. More than one intelligent visitor in St. Paul has remarked that our handsomest women are to be seen at six o'clock, walking homeward.

A picture of the Endicott Building on Fourth Street is seen elsewhere. It has perhaps as pretty an entrance as any building of the kind

pany (built in 1870) stands on the southwest corner; and possibly it appears better now than then, as it was recently modernized and refitted. The occupants of this building alone would drive away any symptoms of stagnation that might hover or linger in the atmosphere around the big policeman and his call-box, seen in the illustration. "Big Andy" is hardly less conspicuous a feature of the neighborhood than the buildings mentioned, and is even more valuable to the bewildered stranger, as he can talk. Third and Jackson is something of a post of honor with the police force, as it is there the greatest number of strangers are met, many of whom need direction and not a few close watching.

Sixth and Minnesota, it is predicted, will ere long become fully as important a business point as its built-up neighbor, Sixth and Robert. The magnificent building of the New York Life Insurance Company already gives it prestige, and



NATIONAL GERMAN-AMERICAN BANK CORNER, FOURTH AND ROBERT.

TWO OF ST. PAUL'S SOLID BANKS.



GERMANIA BANK CORNER, FIFTH AND WABASHA.

less stream. From Dennis' elegant cigar store to the newspaper's quarters on the top floors there is a restless life every working day in the year. Then in the early morning hours, long before the first cable car rumbles by, the ponderous presses in the cavern below the sidewalk break the stillness as they grind out the news of the world that the tired editors away up above have been collecting since noon of the day before.

But a few steps, across Robert Street, is the German-American Bank Building, an older and smaller structure, but just as busy in proportion to its size, and fully as handsome in its architecture. Almost from the time of its erection, some ten years ago, the German-American has been the favorite office building of the legal fraternity. Other lines of business have been well represented, and at all times it has maintained a high standard of respectability. The great banking room on the first floor is a point of interest to strangers, and the general offices of the "Burlington" road in the west end add much to the

in all this broad land. Looking from the street to the junction with the Robert Street Arcade is a sight that dwells with one.

A point that serves and has served for many years as a sort of landmark to incoming strangers who walk up town from the Union Depot, is the corner of Third and Jackson. Here is the old Merchants Hotel, whose history is St. Paul's history, and whose roof has sheltered possibly half a million people in its 47 years of public service. Then across Third is another old-time stone building that has accommodated many enterprises, but which now holds the city ticket office of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Below that, on Jackson, fronting on the sharp declivity which ends at the Milwaukee tracks, are the business remnants of St. Paul's early days—the old stone fronts that were once the pride of the Upper Mississippi metropolis. They are still occupied, however, by a good class of jobbers in a small way. The still handsome stone structure of the St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Com-

this will be greatly increased when the Second National Bank is in operation there. The work of fitting up the new quarters is progressing rapidly, and the bank will be in its new home some time this month. Above Minnesota there is as yet little business development, but the establishment of Stevens & Robertson, who last month moved from Third Street into their new building on the north side of Sixth, will doubtless encourage other first-class concerns to seek new quarters in that block. And one good feature of the situation is that every firm must have a new building—there are no old ones. The firm of Stevens & Robertson have always maintained the lead in the Twin Cities, in their line, and such good company will not be long without neighbors in plenty. A picture of their art store will be noticed elsewhere.

The artist has not neglected West Sixth. From a point near the Grand Opera House on St. Peter he has obtained a view of the street down to Wabasha. West Sixth is the main thoroughfare for

teams passing from "Upper" to "Lower Town," and here begins the solidly built portion of the business district. The block on both sides of the street is generally crowded with carriages and public conveyances, night and day. The old St. Peter's Cathedral, on the corner to the left of where our artist has planted his camera, the Rectory of Archbishop Ireland adjoining it, and the big department store on the corner of Wabasha, altogether make this an important block. Then on the west side of St. Peter is the handsome five-story building of the Nathan Ford Music Company, which is just across narrow Market Street from the Government building under construction. The Ford building is of light-colored pressed brick and unique in its architecture. Its situation at the junction of Sixth, Market and St. Peter, and facing the open triangular space that reaches to West Seventh, makes it all the more conspicuous.

If a person cares to study St. Paul's national-

pal lines, excepting the Selby Avenue cable, pass here, and this enormous traffic, with the rattle of what teams can struggle through and the shuffle of thousands of feet, make a combination of noises that is simply terrific at certain hours.

Looking down Seventh from the east side of Wabasha in the early hours of the night is a study that seems never to lose interest. It has a peculiar fascination for one whose thoughts are not entirely absorbed in chasing the almighty dollar or the society god. The slight elevation above the streets to the east gives the observer an unobstructed view of the great thoroughfare clear down to Broadway. The hundreds of brilliant arc lamps strung thickly along over the sidewalks form two long, dazzling rows of light which, bordered by the softer incandescent and gas lights from the store windows, make the street appear more like an immense arcade whose farther end is lost in the darkness. The walks

Schoch Grocery Company's, the principal business house of that locality. The artist has given us a faithful picture of the building, with many of its architectural beauties, and a group of customers with Mr. Schoch himself standing proudly in their midst, where he may be readily recognized, thanks to the skillful engraver. The company occupies the entire building.

St. Paul's present Government building at Fifth and Wabasha is not notably handsome, especially when compared with the stately City Hall and the graceful Germania Bank Building, its near neighbors. But there is a comfortable solidity about its general exterior that is in keeping with St. Paul's chief characteristic. For some years past it has been much too small to accommodate the vast mail traffic of this big city, and the new and larger and handsomer one now under construction two blocks west was an urgent necessity. While Uncle Sam continues to do business at the old stand, however, this corner



IN THE BUSINESS HEART OF ST. PAUL—LOOKING UP ROBERT STREET TOWARD SIXTH AND THE HOTEL RYAN.

ity he should take up a position on the front steps of the old market house, at Seventh and Wabasha. He will, on a busy day, within an hour see German, French, Irish, Scandinavian, Scotch, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Jewish, Chinese, Japanese, Afro-American, plain American, Anglo-maniac and aboriginal citizens. The last-named, original occupants of Minnesota soil—the Chippewas and Sioux, somehow appear to be the least "at home" among this heterogeneous mass. This corner offers nothing especially notable in the way of buildings except the huge market house that stands silent and gloomy amid all the noise of the street, as if grown sullen and morose since its abandonment by the market people. On the opposite corner, across Seventh, things are different. Michaud Bros.' big grocery is usually crowded inside, and a swarm of people is generally seen inspecting the sidewalk display of fruits and vegetables, or the attractions in the windows, on the outside. It requires an expert to dodge the street cars at this crossing. All the princ-

are alive with people, but few of the "upper crust" are noticeable as they turn into Wabasha or pass on over it and into the gloom of West Seventh. Yet it is not an ill-looking crowd. The young girls who parade the street arm in arm are neatly dressed, and you instinctively feel that they should not be there. The mind moves forward a few years and you seem to see the prettiest one of them standing alone in the shadow of a building, cautiously trying to attract attention while avoiding the light that would reveal the hideousness of her painted face. Seventh Street at night has its sad features.

It is eight blocks from Wabasha to Broadway, but change night into day for a moment, while you walk down Seventh and see the business activity of that lively part of the city. The street has been widened recently from Broadway one block west to Rosabel, and there is a corresponding improvement. Seventh and Broadway can boast of one of the prettiest buildings devoted to mercantile pursuits in St. Paul—The Andrew

will not be a good place to sleep during the day. The street cars do their part toward keeping up the excitement, too, and a steam well-drilling outfit has for several weeks contributed largely to the general chorus in its frantic efforts to produce a flow of artesian water. One bright afternoon late in October, two fashionably dressed ladies came out of Field, Mahler & Co.'s near by, and one of them, who had probably noticed the machine working away day after day and week after week, said to one of the men in charge, facetiously, "You must be pretty near the seat of war by this time?" To which he solemnly replied: "We're not looking for seats, ma'am."

Aside from the City Hall, that occupies the entire block from Fourth to Fifth and Wabasha to Cedar, the most conspicuous structure in the neighborhood of Fifth and Wabasha is the eight-story Germania Bank Building, of red sandstone, which stands on the southwest corner. The beautiful proportions of this building, together with the rich tone of the material

and quiet but effective ornamental features, are admired by every one who sees it. It appears to be pretty well occupied, and with a very desirable class of tenants. The bank itself has always enjoyed exceptional popularity.

An interesting illustration on the next page is that of the main aisle in Field, Mahler & Co.'s great retail drygoods store. The picture really represents only about one-fourth of the entire store, but it gives a fairly good idea of the whole. There are four main entrances—one each on Wabasha, Fourth, Fifth and St. Peter streets. The arrangement of the vast stock is a credit to the

FINEST SEED WAREHOUSES IN AMERICA.

It has only been a few years since L. L. May & Co. commenced business in St. Paul, but in that time their operations have been extended until now their trade territory knows practically no limit. A genuine surprise it will prove to even those who profess to keep posted on St. Paul's commercial progress, to learn that this firm's wares are sold in every part of the United States and Canada and to some extent in South America, Europe, Australia, Japan and the West Indies. Nevertheless it is a fact and one that every

trade to Europe. Their greenhouses are by far the most complete in the Northwest; in fact, unsurpassed in the United States. Some idea of their magnitude can be found in the fact that the glass used in their construction covers 75,000 square feet. They are heated by steam and every house is so arranged that any temperature may be obtained to accommodate the habits of the great number of varieties of plants grown. It is surprising the large number of plants which this firm sends through the mail. We learn that in one class alone—roses—they shipped upwards of 500,000 plants last season. This only applies to roses, but a good idea may be formed as to the amount of other staple and choice plants which they send out annually.

It is learned from reliable sources that this firm paid into the St. Paul post-office last year for postage nearly \$18,000. This does not include the large amount of postage they receive in payment of seed and plant mail-orders.

The enormous increase in their garden-seed department compelled them to secure more central and commodious quarters, and one of the illustrations shows their new location, at 25-27 West Fifth Street. This was fitted up expressly to meet the requirements of their business; every department being arranged so as to handle the enormous volume of orders to the very best advantage. Few firms in this country do a larger mail-order business, several thousand letters being received daily during the busy season.

The reader will readily surmise that a vast amount of printer's ink has been used in the construction of this industry. In this connection it will be interesting to know that between three and four hundred thousand finely printed and illustrated catalogues are mailed annually to all parts of the world, containing a complete list of vegetable and flower seeds of American origin, as well as all the varieties of merit originating in Europe and elsewhere.

Another important branch of their business is supplying new and choice varieties of potatoes for seed purposes. They have at present twenty thousand bushels standing in their cellars which will be used entirely for seed this coming season. This firm has been experimenting for years in the hybridizing and culture of new varieties and have today some of the finest sorts ever offered. The nursery department embraces another important branch of their business. Fully three hundred travelers are employed the year round soliciting orders for all kinds of hardy nursery stock, embracing fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs, etc. In fact, what is said of the firm is fully substantiated; that is that they supply everything for the garden and farm.

Their retail store for the sale of cut flowers, seeds, etc., is handsomely fitted throughout, making one of the most attractive and interesting places in the city. Large quantities of flowers are shipped from this department daily to all points reached by rail from St. Paul, where the time does not exceed three days' transportation.

LEADERS IN THEIR LINE.

The well-known house of W. J. Dyer & Bro. needs no introduction to the Northwest. For nearly twenty-five years they have been the leaders in everything pertaining to the musical instrument industry, and in that time they have built up so extensive a business and such an enviable and durable reputation that their name has come to be a household word in the trade, and at the same time a synonym for high character and sterling integrity.

They are now among the largest importers of foreign musical goods and small instruments in this country, and thousands of dealers receive their supplies from them all over the West. In the piano line they are widely known as the rep-



ST. PAUL.—THE HANDSOME NEW BUILDING OCCUPIED BY W. J. DYER & BRO. AND L. L. MAY & CO., ON WEST FIFTH.

management, and the biggest drygoods store west of Chicago, in that and every other respect, is all that could be expected of such an establishment. Especially admirable is the mail order department, where the perfection of system obtains. Every letter of inquiry, every request for samples, is attended to as soon as received. Field, Mahler & Co. is the oldest retail drygoods house in the Northwest, it having been established in 1856 by D. W. Ingersoll. Five years ago the firm moved into their present quarters from Third and Wabasha.

loyal St. Paulite should remember when he goes away from home. He should also put into his mental valise the additional fact that St. Paul has the finest seed warehouses in America, the same being the property of St. Paul men—L. L. May & Co.

Their seed department was until recently situated on Como Avenue, and the large warehouse at that point will be converted into a grass-cleaning establishment, equipped with all the latest machinery for re-cleaning timothy, clover and other grasses to the highest standard, for export

representatives of the great leading instruments of the day, led by the illustrious Steinway, the Knabe, Ivers & Pond, Gabler, Everett, and others. Their recent combination with the Mehlin Piano Company, by which the entire product of this celebrated instrument in the West passes through their hands, is the latest step in the development of this representative house. By this arrangement they are now supplying the high-grade Mehlin pianos to dealers west of the Mississippi at manufacturers' prices and with territorial rights. The Dyer Bros. organs are already among the favorites of the trade.

In musical publications of every kind, American and foreign, W. J. Dyer & Bro. carry the most complete stock, and supply dealers, teachers and the public generally from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. The two stores of this company in St. Paul and Minneapolis are emporiums well worthy of a visit, and the courtesy of the house and its representatives makes such a visit a pleasure.

THE OLDEST RETAIL HOUSE.

The firm of Schliek & Co., the shoe dealers, is distinguished in being the oldest retail establishment in St. Paul; having first begun business in 1852. Forty years is a long time for a retail house to continue in operation in the Northwest, but the present management of this concern appears fully qualified to add another four decades to its existence. Along with the general retreat of the more prominent retail stores from Third Street, in April of last year Schliek & Co. settled down in one of those handsome new structures on Sixth, where they are likely to remain an indefinite time. Their present quarters are well worth a visit, simply on a sight-seeing basis, if nothing more. The big salesroom at Nos. 103 to 107 is the perfection of modern ideas. Every part of it is light, convenient and cheerful. The general equipment is exceedingly tasty and evidently adapted to please the more cultured trade. This house handles fine shoes exclusively, in which it has earned a wide reputation. The store front is shown in one of the Sixth Street illustrations, in connection with Mannheimer Bros.' store, which adjoins it on the east.

EXCURSION TO THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

An excursion of home-seekers to the Yakima Valley, in the State of Washington, will leave Chicago on Tuesday, November 27th and St. Paul on Wednesday, November 28th and will go direct to North Yakima, from which point all the irrigated regions in the vicinity can be visited, including the Sunnyside Country, the Moxee Basin and the valleys of the Naches, the Cowlitz and the Atahnum. The excursionists will enjoy special facilities for looking into the success of small farming, under irrigation, in the raising of hops, alfalfa, peaches, prunes, pears, apples, berries, melons and vegetables and the rearing of cattle and hogs. Their hotel bills will be only \$1.50 per day and free carriages will be provided for them to drive through the orchards and farms and visit the lands that are still open to settlement. They will travel for second-class fare on the railroads and have the comforts of first-class accommodations. Members of the party who start from Chicago are invited to rendezvous at the office of the *Farmers Voice*, 334 Dearborn Street, and those starting from St. Paul will be welcomed at the office of the *NORTHWEST MAGAZINE*, corner Jackson and Sixth streets. The privileges of this excursion, it should be understood, are limited strictly to genuine home-seekers, who have the intention of settling in the Yakima Valley in case they find its advantages and attractions are equal to their expectations.

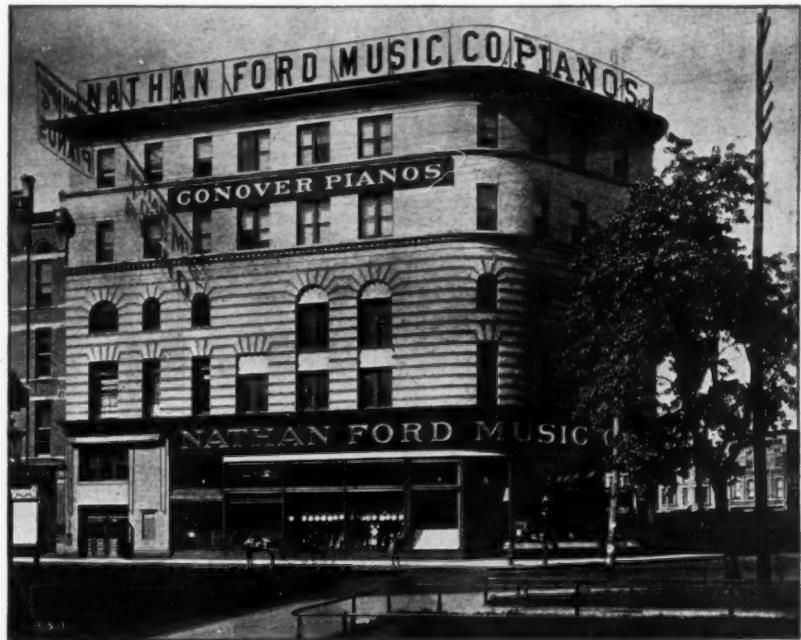
THE ST. PAUL & DULUTH RAILROAD.

The eleventh annual report of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce says:

The St. Paul & Duluth, the pioneer road to reach the head of Lake Superior, is least in number of miles of road operated of any of the roads entering the city, but if judged by the important results accruing to this city and the Northwest from its construction and operation, it ranks among the first. The building of this road first

all the railroads, when first constructed, in the Northwest.

The result of the business for the year shows that the managers of the St. Paul & Duluth were not visionary in their calculations. The road is more than realizing their anticipations. The traffic has been very large for so short a line, although since its construction three of the great railroad companies have constructed competing lines to the head of the lake. They have carried over the line and delivered at their lake connec-



ST. PAUL.—THE NATHAN FORD MUSIC CO. S CORNER, SIXTH AND ST. PETER.



ST. PAUL.—AN INTERIOR VIEW OF FIELD, MAHLER & CO.'S DRY GOODS STORE.

made it possible for the millers of Minneapolis and the wheat raisers and shippers of Minnesota to avail themselves of the great water route from the head of Lake Superior to the seaboard, with only 150 miles of railroad transportation, and avoid the long and expensive railroad route around the head of Lake Michigan, and the citizens of the Northwest to obtain their coal and other heavy freights by the same shorter and cheaper route. Financially to its projectors its construction was premature, as was that of nearly

tions during the past year over 2,000,000 barrels of flour, besides large quantities of merchandise and other articles. It delivered at the Twin Cities more than one-third of the coal received, and a large amount of lumber, merchandise and other articles. The road is run independent of all other lines. The through and way passenger traffic has assumed large proportions. Three passenger trains are run daily between this city and the head of the lakes, and the accommodations are of the best and the time fast.



ST. PAUL.—THE "FIRE AND MARINE" BUILDING, THIRD AND JACKSON.



ST. PAUL.—FROST & CO.'S DRUG STORE AT SIXTH AND MINNESOTA.

THE 'FIRE AND MARINE.'

Perhaps there is no one purely St. Paul concern that is so extensively known as the St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Company. There are many other financial and mercantile houses here that have acquired by the most approved means a reputation that extends over immense territory, but the "F & M," is known well and favorably from ocean to ocean. It has taken many years to reach its present position among the great companies of the East, many of which were organized away back in the early part of this century. The St. Paul company is comparatively a youngster among them, not yet having reached its thirtieth year, but not one of the old fellows commands more respect in the world of finance.

The original subscription list which was passed around in 1865 is now a mighty interesting document. Enrolled upon its yellow, musty paper are the names of men now famous throughout the Northwest, and whose aggregate millions reach an amount that is fabulous. The company was launched that year with a paid-up capital of \$75,000, and assets of about \$300,000. These latter figures have steadily increased from that time until in 1890 they read \$1,713,904, with a surplus of \$510,697. On the first day of January, 1895, another report will be made, when it is confidently expected that the sum total of cash assets will reach two and a quarter millions.

In 1870 the Fire and Marine Building was erected at Third and Jackson, which the company yet occupies.

Its completion was a great event in the building history of St. Paul, and the *Daily Press* of November 29 devoted nearly two columns to the occasion. At that time it was the finest and largest building in the city, and it does not suffer much even today by comparison in architecture with the dozen-story structures of which St. Paul now boasts. There is a solidity in its appearance that must be quite soothing to the policy-holder from Beltrami County or elsewhere who gazes upon the walls into which his annual premiums have flowed for some years.

Six years later Mr. Chas. H. Bigelow was made president, which position he holds today. Mr. Bigelow first became connected with the company in 1871 as its secretary, and his keen judgment and thorough knowledge of the intricacies of the insurance business is shown in the wonderful success of his company, and in the slight effects upon it of several years of financial disaster.

TWO MODEL DRUG STORES.

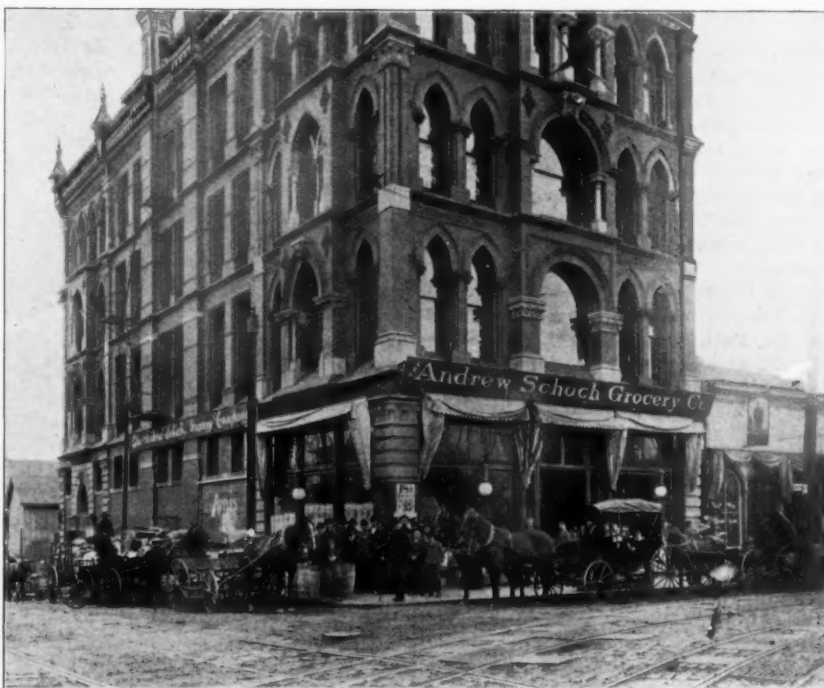
Very rarely does a retail drug house attain to more than a strictly local reputation; and one that succeeds in extending its good name beyond the confines of the municipality in which it is located may be said to have been phenom.

enally successful. A very notable exception to the general rule is the house of W. A. Frost & Co., with stores at Sixth and Minnesota streets, and Selby and Western avenues, St. Paul. The present prominence of the firm is the result of sixteen years' business, begun under the name of Clark & Frost, at Willmar, Minn., and three years later moved to the corner of Third and Robert streets, St. Paul, where the store now at Sixth and Minnesota was situated until August of this year. The store on St. Anthony Hill was opened in 1887.

Both these retail establishments are models of neatness, attractiveness and convenience. There are probably no two stocks of the kind in the entire country that are more complete or better arranged. Much originality is shown in the general decorations and disposal of the thousand-and-one articles that go to make up the stock in-trade of the modern drug store. Every feature, it may be said, shows rare taste and experience. A novel idea in displaying this class of goods is shown in the down-town store, where a very large window space is utilized for an ever-changing exhibit of the staple and fancy wares. The Sixth Street pedestrian's attention is attracted one day by an artistic display of perfumeries and fancy soaps; possibly the next by a variety of useful household preparations, offered at especially low prices; a day later there may be a window full of toilet articles, or mineral waters, or the better class of patent medicines. Indeed, there is nearly as much time and care devoted to this feature of the business of Frost & Co. as to that of the large drygoods stores.

These large windows on Minnesota and Sixth give light to a salesroom that is easily the handsomest and most cheerful in the Twin Cities. The high ceiling is deceptive, making the store appear smaller, at first, than it really is. The mosaic stone floor—the most costly and durable known—receives its share of attention and is much admired. Every article on the shelves or in the long show cases can be plainly seen, even on a dark day, in this room, thanks to the generous light from the windows.

The store at Selby and Western is also an exceptionally pretty salesroom, being a close second to the down-town house in point of attractiveness, and the stock is fully equal to it, in vari-



ST. PAUL.—AT SEVENTH AND BROADWAY—THE ANDREW SCHOCH GROCERY CO.

ety, at least. Its situation at the junction of these two great thoroughfares insures a very large and regular daily patronage from St. Paul's wealthiest residence district.

Manufacturing tablets is an important part of Frost & Co.'s business. Briefly, this is the putting into more convenient form the tinctures, fluid extracts, powders—in fact, all medicinal substances having a constituency that will allow them to be molded. The old-fogy way of administering medicine is rapidly giving way to this new method, which is far more accurate, is ready for immediate use, and is much more agreeable to the patient. The firm makes upwards of 1,000 different kinds of tablets, ranging in size from three-sixteenths to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and weighing from one-half to twenty-

five or thirty grains. The most perfect machinery, run by electric power, is used. Messrs. Frost & Co., though having been making these goods only two years, are probably the largest manufacturers in the West in this line. The business is growing rapidly and will no doubt soon be classed as one of the biggest enterprises in St. Paul.

TELEPHONES MADE IN ST. PAUL.

It will be something of a surprise to a great many of the NORTHWEST MAGAZINE readers to learn that telephones that equal in every respect, and are superior in some, to anything ever turned out, are being made in St. Paul. The Independent Telephone Company is a St. Paul concern, and one that is going to be recognized, before long, as among the most important industrial enterprises of the city. It is an infant yet, but an exceptionally lusty and promising one. The fact that these instruments are sold outright, and at a reasonable price, makes this item more interesting. This means a saving of at least half a year's rent, as now paid to the Bell monopoly, in the first twelve months. A call at the company's office, in the Endicott Arcade, developed the encouraging news that an early increase of capacity is necessary to supply the demand for their instruments from all parts of the country. Their catalogue, recently published, contains illustrations and price-lists and full descriptions. In it are noticed two strong testimonials from the superintendents of telegraph of the Northern Pacific and the Omaha railroads, the former of whom has replaced a large number of Bell instruments at different points on the line with the Independent Telephone Company's instruments. The Independent will certainly become the popular telephone of the Northwest, and that very soon, as it is the best as well as simplest and requires no expert attention.

A recent improvement to the Fifth and Wabasha neighborhood is the new Washburn Building, between Cedar and Wabasha, on Fifth. It was completed late in October, and was the scene of a great reception, on Halloween, given by the St. Paul Press Club, whose new quarters in the building were then dedicated.



ST. PAUL.—SEVENTH AND WABASHA—THE MICHAUD BROS. CORNER.

GREW WITH THE CITY.

An event of much importance to St. Paul, and one that was talked about for many days after, was the opening of Theodore Hamm's great brewing plant on the twenty-seventh day of September last. Fully ten thousand people accepted invitations to enjoy the hospitality of the famous brewer and his son, William. Among them were many of St. Paul's most prominent citizens, one or two of whom made short speeches appropriate to the occasion.

Theodore Hamm was born in Germany, and came to America in 1854. Two years later he reached St. Paul, and up to 1864 conducted a boarding house and saloon. During that year he started a little brewery which could turn out about 500 barrels of beer in a year. Gradually it grew in size, until now the immense plant produces as much in a day. It has thus increased three hundred fold in capacity in just thirty years. He was about the first brewer in Minnesota. Now he has practically retired, leaving the management of the property in the capable hands of his son, William Hamm. His house on the hill above the brewery is one of the handsomest in the city. William Hamm was born in St. Paul thirty-six years ago. He received a liberal education, and has spent much time in Europe. Early in life he associated himself in the business, and has mastered every detail. He and his father own every dollar's worth of capital invested—over a million—and the new building is the direct result of his careful planning and supervision. He visited almost every large brewery in this country and Europe before erecting it, and all is as perfect as human science can make it. Mr. Hamm lives in a costly home opposite that of his father.

The brewery now covers two blocks, lying just under the front of the hill, beautifully crowned by Mr. Hamm's private residence. In addition to the brewery there is the commodious office building, the paint shop, the wagon shop, the blacksmith shop and the stables, in which sixty horses find excellent quarters. The new main building is naturally the pride of the institution. It cost a quarter of a million dollars and is so built that the capacity of the plant may be doubled without laying another brick. It is of red sandstone and brick, and architecturally very impos-



ing. The care with which it is built may be inferred from the fact that the store house, in addition to the regular wall, has a lining wall of brick inside and the space between the two walls is filled with pitch, making the building impervious to cold or heat.

A visit to this great plant is certainly among the sights of the city, wrote a reporter for a morning paper, on the occasion referred to. A trip from the hoppers in the tower to the tubs holding 700 barrels in the basement, a glance into the storerooms, whose air is heavy with the odor of hops, an inspection of the ice machine, capable of making seventy-five tons of ice daily, which forces cold air through the pipes which are found in the storehouse and are crusted to the depth of several inches with ice crystals, a walk through rooms where the visitor feels like a pigmy beside the Brobdignagian tanks and boilers and hoppers, is something no one interested in a great industry can afford to miss. One is struck, too, with the scrupulous cleanliness everywhere. The kegs are washed, the tubs are varnished inside with five coats and all is as neat as can be. Artesian well water is used in the manufacture of the beer, and a great engine supplies the power. The cold-producing plant cost several thousand

dollars and is far superior to the rock storage system, which the company has recently abandoned.

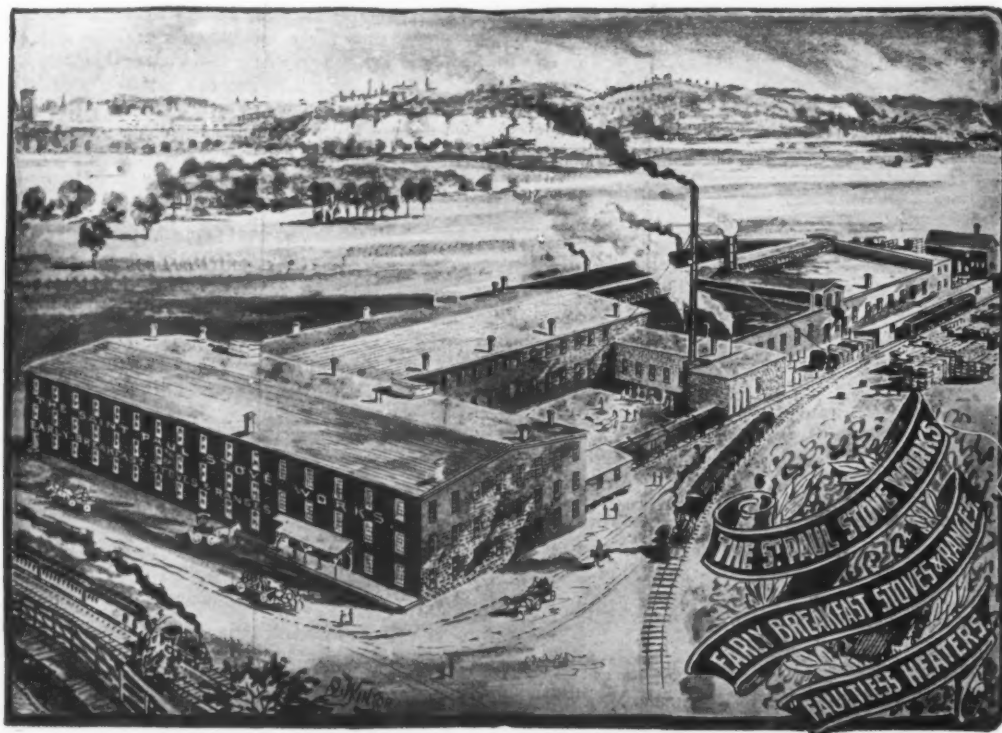
It is a matter for congratulation that the demand for the product of the Hamm brewery was such as to make its enlargement necessary. It has grown up in our midst with scarcely a note being made of its progress and now stands complete, a witness to the enterprise and push of Messrs. Theodore and William Hamm. Most of the work was done by St. Paul artisans, and the money is local capital. Hundreds of St. Paul men find employment here, and there is never any discontent manifested by the employees.

A ST. PAUL PRODUCT.

Three years ago the great plant of the St. Paul Stove Works, covering five acres of ground, was erected on the West Side, at Concord Street and Arthur Avenue, on the line of the Chicago Great Western Railway. Local capital only was used in the enterprise, and St. Paul men furnished the necessary brains and energy. Geo. I. Farwell, who had been twenty-five years in the wholesale hardware business in this city and therefore exceptionally well known to the trade of the Northwest, was placed at the head of the concern as president, and he continues to administer the affairs of the company with marked success. John S. Prince, the banker, is the vice-president and treasurer, and W. E. Bramball is the secretary.

The principal articles of manufacture have been the Early Breakfast stoves and ranges and the Faultless heaters, which, good in the start, have been steadily improved until now they are just about as perfect as human ingenuity can make them. The fame of these goods has extended to the length and breadth of the land. The excellent material used, which is the best grade of pig-iron, insures smooth castings, and the mounting in every case is very carefully done. The great reputation of the stoves is due chiefly to these facts, though there are many other points of excellence, any one of which might bring them into prominence.

The most important addition to the output of the St. Paul Stove Works is the patented grate designed especially for lignite coal. This grate was brought to its present perfection by six months experiment-



ing and close study of the native coal of the Dakotas. Its success has been really phenomenal, but hardly more than what might have been expected—for it was the thing most needed, and to see it in operation was all the recommendation any one wanted. This lignite coal can be mined and loaded at several points in North Dakota at a very low price—in fact, only a fraction of the cost of Iowa or Eastern bituminous, to say nothing of anthracite. These grates actually produce more heat to the pound from this cheap fuel than any other grates can, under the most favorable circumstances, produce from any kind of coal. A strong, steady fire is maintained, and

entirely new, in that the products of combustion are conducted around the oven in such a way as to insure a uniform heat in every part—thus making it a perfect baker. There are other advantages, too, that the good cook will appreciate. The company has recently issued a handsome catalogue, but Mr. Farwell promises a special catalogue, for the near future, that will illustrate only those stoves in which the lignite grates can be used. The St. Paul Stove Works people evidently know the importance of their invention to the Northwest, and they seem desirous of making it at as low a figure as possible and as perfect as possible. Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana

city, and was designed for this purpose. The magnificent window display, stretching away around the full length of the building on both Sixth and Wabasha streets, attracts thousands of people every day, and frequently late in the evening a throng of people may be seen inspecting the exhibit.

The house of Schuneman & Evans has grown rapidly. The business has been conducted on a cash basis, and their capital is never idle. Old goods are not allowed to accumulate, and the expenses of the concern are kept down to the minimum. This gives them a decided advantage in variety and price. Another attractive feature is



ST. PAUL.—SCHUNEMAN & EVANS' RETAIL DEPARTMENT STORE, AT SIXTH AND WABASHA.

slacked coal as well as lump can be used in them. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the capacity of the works has been crowded for some time to supply the flood of orders that have poured in upon them since the burners were first introduced, early in June.

The grates are made to fit into many different styles of cook stoves, ranges and heating stoves. There is one beautiful six-hole steel range made at these works which burns the lignite fuel to perfection. This range seems to have caught the popular fancy in North Dakota, for the works are kept busy chiefly on orders for them. The principle of the flue in this range is something

and Manitoba will wish them success in unlimited measure.

A BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

It is a vast retail business, that of Schuneman & Evans in the big building at Sixth and Wabasha. Fifty-six departments under one roof and one management, using six acres of selling space and employing a small army of men and women, makes this concern one of St. Paul's principal points of interest. The large engraving on this page will give our distant readers an idea of the exterior of this great hive of industry. The building is one of the most conspicuous in the

the travel saved in shopping. A person can in most cases buy everything needed without leaving the store. On a disagreeable day this feature is probably the most appreciated.

It goes without saying that a house which has such facilities for doing business as Schuneman & Evans would reach out for trade in all parts of the country. Through a systematic and well-ordered mail order department, aided by a comprehensive illustrated catalogue, people living in the remotest parts are offered the opportunity to trade with this house on the same terms and conditions and the same prices which are enjoyed by those living in the city.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, -
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1894.

CHANGE THE LAND LAWS.

The representatives in Congress from the far West should organize at Washington next winter a movement to secure such changes in the land laws as will foster and encourage the grazing industry. The present land system is applicable only to agricultural districts. It is of no use in the vast semi-arid region, where ranging cattle and sheep are the only possible industries that can be prosecuted upon the land outside of the narrow strips of valleys where irrigation is feasible.

The Government now makes an unjust discrimination between the stockman and the farmer. It says to the farmer, in its homestead law, "Go West and if you can find a piece of unoccupied public land good for raising crops you can take without price 160 acres, which will make a farm big enough to support your family." The stockman says, "Give me land enough for the support of my family by my industry of raising sheep or cattle in the country where there is not rainfall sufficient for agriculture. Your 160-acre gift is of no value to me. I couldn't raise more than half a dozen steers upon it. How am I going to live on half a dozen steers or twenty or thirty sheep? Treat me as you do the farmer. Give me a chance to make a living on land of my own. Now I must be a trespasser all the time on land that doesn't belong to me." The stockman is right. What is the use of keeping millions of acres that are of no possible good for agriculture always in the possession of the Government and allowing cattle kings to monopolize vast tracts for their herds by the law of local custom? The grazing should be protected and made the most of, and this can only be done when the land passes into the hands of private owners who will have a direct interest in taking care of it.

The new land laws should first provide for marking off the districts where there is not rainfall enough for crops and where irrigation is not

practicable. In such districts stockmen should have the right to homestead a given number of acres estimated to be sufficient for the grazing of such a number of animals as will support a family in modest comfort. The right of purchasing an equal number of acres should also be given to the settler as an incentive for him to extend his business and develop the qualities of energy and thrift. Under such laws the semi-arid plains that lie west of the humid region of the Mississippi Valley would soon be occupied by a prosperous population of stock-growers, forming a stable class of citizens.

PUGET SOUND LUMBER IN AFRICA.

A new commercial movement has developed lately on Puget Sound in the shipment of lumber to Delagoa Bay, South Africa, the port of the new mining regions in the interior. Three ships have lately sailed for that distant destination, with cargoes of mine timbers and general building lumber and a steamer has been chartered to load this month. One of the vessels took as a part of her cargo a large consignment of canned meats, salmon and other provisions. Sanguine predictions are made that this trade will by next year employ a steamer line with monthly sailings. It appears that the whole of South Africa is destitute of trees that make good lumber. At present the lumber needed is brought mainly from the Baltic. Puget Sound can compete with Norway on favorable terms as far as cost of shipment is concerned and her fir lumber is for many uses vastly better than pine, having almost the strength of oak. Its value for supports in mines and for bridge timber is so apparent that it will have no competition in those lines. A railroad now runs from Delagoa Bay to Johannesburg, in the Transvaal Republic, so that the lumber is taken into the heart of the country at moderate expense. South Africa is having a remarkable development in both mining and agriculture. The fact that it is beginning to look to our Pacific Coast for its lumber supply is of great interest and importance.

THE CAREY IRRIGATION LAW.

The irrigation legislation known as the Carey bill, which Senator Carey, of Wyoming, managed to engraft on an appropriation bill in the last moments of the recent session of Congress, is beginning to attract attention throughout the arid region and may result in setting on foot a number of new enterprises. It provides for a gift from the Government to each of the States where the old desert land law is applicable of reclaimable lands to a maximum amount of one million acres under the following conditions: A State proposing to take advantage of the offer must from time to time file maps of the tracts it intends to have irrigated with plans of the proposed irrigation systems. These maps and plans are to be passed upon by the Secretary of the Interior. If he approves them the land covered is to be segregated and held in reserve for the State. The Government will not relinquish its title, however, until evidence is filed that the irrigation works have been constructed and the lands covered settled in 160-acre tracts and that on every such tract at least twenty acres are under ditch and cultivation. When these conditions are complied with the Government will patent the land to the State "or its assigns," which means to the canal company constructing the works. The company can then convey it to the settlers in accordance with its contracts with them. Movements are now on foot in Wyoming and Montana to organize irrigation projects under this new law. It will readily be seen that the effect of the law will be to enable canal companies, organized under State authority, to control and sell large tracts of Government land to which they furnish water.

TWO KINDS OF WEALTH.

The Populists, Socialists, Labor Reformers, and other classes of agitators who claim as their purpose the improvement of the condition of the toiling masses, make a great mistake in their indiscriminate attacks upon wealthy men. They assume that all large fortunes have been wrongfully wrung from labor and that they are detrimental to the general welfare of the community. Now there are rich men who have made their fortunes by superior ability and enterprise without in any way robbing the public or oppressing the poor. Their possession of wealth enables them to aid charities, churches and various movements for the general good. But there is also another class of rich men who have amassed fortunes by obtaining some sort of power to tax the community unduly. As an example of this latter class let us take a man who has obtained as a gratuity from some growing town an exclusive gas franchise, water franchise or street railway franchise. He capitalizes the franchise which he gets for nothing at an imaginary value, issues bonds to that amount in addition to the actual cost of constructing his plant and then sits down and makes the public pay for the service he gives a sufficient sum annually to yield interest, not only on the money actually invested in the plant, but also upon the supposed value of what the public has given him for nothing in his exclusive right to occupy the streets with his pipes or rails. Such a man is a bird of prey and there are a great many of them in this country. Society has a right to put a stop to the building up of great fortunes in this way.

Let us now take an example of the other class of men of wealth. An energetic man possessed of good business faculties observes an outcropping of stone. He carefully examines its quality and notes its location in relation to railways and to growing towns where stone will be needed. He buys the land, opens the quarry, employs a hundred men, pays a good price for labor, and in the course of ten or fifteen years, enlarging his business and making prudent investments of his savings, he becomes a rich man. Has he injured anybody by accumulating his wealth? Has he robbed or taxed the public for his private gain? He has sold his product in a competitive market for what it would bring. He has paid the rates demanded as wages by the union of stonecutters. It is absurd to say that such a man should come in for a share of the execration which the self-styled reformers are all the time aiming at the rich. Instead of a public enemy this man is a public benefactor. By his foresight and enterprise he has converted the stone that formerly lay hidden and useless in the ground into food, clothing, shelter, fuel and a multitude of comforts and luxuries for a hundred laboring men and their families.

The error of the men who think they have a heavenly call to reform the social order is that they never discriminate. They make a general assault upon capital as if capital were in itself an evil instead of a good thing. They assail rich men as a class merely because they are rich, without reference to the means by which their wealth was obtained or the ways in which they use it. Thus they discredit themselves and their arguments with people of sense. Every right thinking person knows that a rich man is not necessarily a robber. He knows that the well-to-do people in any community will size up pretty well on the score of character, morals, kindness and humanity with the people who have little or nothing. Most of them gained their property by superior business ability and not by greed and voracity.

The existing social and industrial order is by no means perfect. The way to better conditions does not, however, lay in the direction of arraying labor against capital and the poor against

the rich. It will be found in the education of public opinion to the recognition of specific evils which admit of remedy by legislation or associated popular effort. Wealth of itself is not an evil. In the present stage of the world's progress there can be no art, no high literature, no great architecture, and no important public improvements without wealth. What we should strive to accomplish is to keep selfish men from getting rich at the expense of other people. Furthermore we should all the time foster and increase that righteous view of life which regards wealth as a trust to be administered for the general good and not to be spent in luxury and riotous living.

THE WHEAT GROWERS' SITUATION.

Most of the wheat-growers of the West have given up hope of any important rise in the price of their product in the near future. They now recognize that they are suffering from a condition that is world-wide. Formerly there were but three large wheat-exporting countries on the globe—the United States, Hungary and Russia. Now India, traversed by railroads, is sending a large surplus to European markets, Australia has gone into the business with fair results as to yield, and the Argentine Republic, which is for the most part a vast, rich prairie, has joined in the competition, under the stimulus of railway building and of a great influx of immigration from Europe. Undoubtedly the low price of flour will increase the consumption of wheaten bread among the peasantry of Europe, but the increased demand will come slowly and will not for a long time overtake the increased supply. Perhaps the war between China and Japan will result in dismembering the latter country and opening it to the influence of European ideas and customs and so turn the Celestial from his rice to the more nourishing berry of the wheat plant; but this, too, will require a good deal of time. Nothing is so hard to change as the habits of a people. At present the Chinese only buy our flour when there has been a partial failure of their rice crop and they can get more nourishment out of a dollar's worth of flour than out of a dollar's worth of rice.

On the whole it looks as if the present generation of farmers would have to contend with the serious problem of how to make money raising wheat at the low prices now prevailing, or at no considerably increased prices. They are helped a good deal in this effort by the heavy decline in the prices of almost everything that enters into the cost of producing wheat. They now buy their draft horses for less than half what they used to pay; their machinery for not over two-thirds; their clothing and groceries for about one-half; and they hire their labor for a dollar a day instead of two dollars. Nevertheless, when the account is footed up after marketing the crop, they are not nearly as well off as they used to be when they got eighty, ninety or a hundred cents a bushel for their grain. It is plain that if it costs a farmer thirty cents a bushel to raise his crop and he gets fifty he has a smaller margin for living expenses than he had when the cost of production was sixty cents a bushel and the selling price one dollar. Then there are two things that have not come down at all—taxes and the interest on mortgages.

The wheat farmer only manages to worry along in these hard times by practicing economies that he used to scorn in the days of dollar wheat. If he looks ahead into the future he will, if a prudent man, make up his mind that in all probability he will have to continue these economies, and that he should, besides bringing them down to a system, seek to increase his income by having something to sell besides wheat. He should plan to have a few hogs to fatten and two or three steers to drive to the butcher. He should have

a field of flax and one of barley and should not forget that there are often years when there is good money in potatoes. Above all he should seek to make the farm feed the family. Some things must be bought at the stores, but there should always be enough to sell to pay for them. There is still a good living to be made from farming and a little margin of profit to put away, but there must be a partial return at least to the old economies of farm life. The farmer must no longer expect to make a living for a whole year by six or eight weeks' work raising, cutting and threshing a wheat crop. In no other line of occupation can a man support his family twelve months by two months of active labor; yet that is just what the wheat farmer of the Northwest used to calculate on doing a few years ago.

There are certain regions of the globe that are peculiarly adapted for the raising of wheat. The valley of the Danube, the plains of Sicily and the steppes of Southern Russia have been granaries from the earliest dawn of history. Minnesota, North Dakota and Manitoba form another great natural wheat region. We believe that the time will never come when wheat cannot be raised at profit in this Northwestern wheat belt by the practice of reasonable economies; but other things must be raised, too, as is the case in the old wheat regions of Europe. The farmer must not stake everything on one crop. And especially must he endeavor to live as much as possible on the resources of his own land, raising beef, pork, poultry, vegetables and small fruits, making butter and canning and preserving many garden products, instead of bringing from town most of the food that comes upon his table. If he follows this course he can face the low price of wheat without discouragement.

ROBERT LENOX BELKNAP, who was for many years treasurer of the Northern Pacific Railroad and is a gentleman of high social and financial standing in New York City, has recently founded an important institution in Superior, Wisconsin—the Northern Trust Company, of which he is president. Associated with him as officers of the concern are W. B. Banks, vice-president, who has long been prominent in the development of the young city at the head of the lake, P. G. Stratton, treasurer, and Ogden H. Hammond, secretary. The company has a fully paid capital of \$500,000 and starts off with a very solid basis in cash and an assurance of success in the character and experience of its managers. It transacts a general trust business, acting as guardian, agent, executor, administrator, trustee and depository and dealing in first-class investments. There is a wide field of activity open for it. Mr. Belknap has long been interested in important business enterprises in Superior and he will be heartily welcomed as a permanent resident of that city.

SAMUEL STICKNEY, of the Chicago Great Western Railway, is probably the youngest general manager in the country, being still on the junior side of thirty. He has the energy and originality that belong to youth. Lately he has made a new departure in appointing for his road an industrial agent, with headquarters in the Endicott Block, St. Paul. W. J. Reed fills the place and his duties will be to learn what openings exist in the towns along the company's lines for new industries and new business enterprises. He will receive reports from all the agents of the road and keep himself in touch with the people who are looking for opportunities to establish themselves. The C. G. W. runs through a growing region and its towns are steadily advancing with the progress of the farming country. The value of a general business exchange for them all, such as Mr. Stickney has organized, must be very great.



NOTED IN TORONTO.—A handsome, well-built city, a century old two years ago, built on ground sloping gently from the north shore of Lake Ontario. Residence streets so thoroughly shaded with maples, elms and horse-chestnuts, that the place looks like a town built in a forest. Houses all of brick and built on thirty-foot lots. Most of the business streets paved with asphalt. Great number of churches in proportion to population—180 of them for 175,000 people. A strict Sunday-keeping place, rather dominated by the old-fashioned Methodist spirit. No street cars on Sunday and no Sunday papers. This custom favors the multiplication of churches, for people cannot ride to hear some popular preacher at a distance from their homes but are compelled to patronize a house of worship near by, unless they keep horses and carriages. A famous center of education. There is a university and so many denominational colleges that few of the inhabitants are able to give a stranger a complete list of them. The Ontario Parliament building is a very handsome brown-stone edifice. In the park in front of it are two cannon, taken at the siege of Sebastopol and presented to the city by Queen Victoria. A statue of the late Sir John Macdonald, the father of the Canadian Confederation, has just been placed in this park. Rents are lower than in St. Paul and real estate values are lower, except in the heart of the business district, where the concentration of trade causes high prices to obtain. Toronto had a real estate boom at the time our Western cities were enjoying that form of dissipation. Prices were enormously inflated, streets were opened into the fields in all directions, outlying suburbs were platted, street railways extended to them, manufactures bonussed, fortunes made on paper—in fact there were all the phases of the craze with which we are sadly familiar here in the West. Then came the inevitable shrinkage and collapse, the bursting of many iridescent bubbles and the ruin of many enterprising, public-spirited people, who were swept off their footing of common-sense by the flood tide of speculation. Toronto is the jobbing center of Ontario and competes with Montreal for the trade of the Canadian Northwest. Some manufacturing is done, but the neighboring town of Hamilton, about forty miles distant, has secured a larger industrial business by pursuing a very liberal policy towards manufacturing concerns in the matter of taxation, sites and privileges. The lake commerce is not important, for the reason that the current of traffic from the upper lakes through the Welland canal enters Lake Ontario considerably to the east of Toronto and goes on to Oswego, Kingston and Montreal. There is a scheme for a ship railway across the isthmus from Georgian Bay and one for a ship canal on the same route. If either should be carried out grain-laden vessels from Chicago and Duluth could get into Lake Ontario with a saving of three hundred miles over the present route by way of Lake Erie. The canal scheme is a daring and novel one. It contemplates boring a tunnel about twelve miles long through the height of land separating the waters of the bay from those of the lake and then sluicing out the tunnel so as to make it an open cut wide enough and deep enough for the passage of large steamers.

THE first three Toronto men I met assured me that there was not the least sentiment in that city in favor of a union of the Canadian Provinces with the United States; yet next morning I found in my hotel box an ably written pamphlet issued by the "Continental Union Association of Ontario." The platform of this association, as announced on the title page of the pamphlet, is "By constitutional means, involving the consent of the Mother Country, to bring about the union, on fair and honorable terms, of Canada and the United States." I learned that the Continental Union has an influential membership and that it is growing in strength. Its members have to contend with a very strong sentimental attachment to the relations with Great Britain and with the selfish motives of a large number of people who have business and political interests bound up in the maintenance of the present status of the Dominion. Besides, they are denounced as unpatriotic, and this form of attack is a powerful weapon in the hands of their adversaries. The Unionists are in reality more patriotic than those who want to hold on to the skirts of the British Empire, for they look to the only possible way of securing the further development and prosperity of Canada; but when the old flag is shaken in their faces and the portrait of the good queen is pointed to, the hurrah feeling is always against them. They must be content for the present with appealing to the sober second thought.

THERE is a little tract of forest land in Northern Minnesota, about fifteen miles long by ten wide, that is entirely isolated from the rest of the State. It is bounded by Manitoba on the west and by the waters of the Lake of the Woods on the north, east and south. It is lopped off from Canadian territory by an imaginary line running north and south, but it belongs to the United States by reason of the language of the treaty of Ghent fixing the boundary between this country and the British Possessions. The treaty provided that the boundary should follow the water-courses from Lake Superior to the most north-western point of the Lake of the Woods and from thence should run north or south, as the case might be, to the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. When the boundary commissioners had determined upon the particular bay that appeared to be the most northwesterly arm of the Lake of the Woods they found that this point was considerably north of the parallel that was to be the boundary the rest of the distance to the Rocky Mountains, and so had to run their line due south to strike that parallel. Hence the queer little jog on the map projecting up into Canada which gives to Minnesota an outlying possession on the western shore of the lake, quite detached from the rest of the big county of Beltrami, to which it belongs.

NORTHERN PACIFIC earnings continue to show a handsome gain over the figures of last year. For September they were \$2,042,795, against \$1,915,906 for the same month of 1893; an increase of \$126,889. It is probable that by next summer the hard times will have been outgrown and the earnings of the road restored to a normal condition. It will then be seen what amount is going to be earned for the junior classes of bonds after paying the interest on the first-mortgage bonds, and a re-organization can be effected with due regard to the rights and equities of all security holders.

DURING the boom times in the Twin Cities, when everybody was making money or thought he was, Minneapolis had one morning paper and one evening paper, and St. Paul had two morning papers and one evening paper. Now when times are dull and advertising hard to get Minneapolis is blessed with two morning and three evening sheets and St. Paul with three morning

and two evening sheets. Will somebody versed in the mysteries of daily journalism rise and explain this queer circumstance? Perhaps people read more newspapers now than they did a few years ago in the rushing epoch of rapid growth in these cities. They can subscribe for two now for the price they used to pay for one, and this fact may have something to do with the recent increase in the number of our dailies. By the way, it is current talk that of the ten dailies now issued in the two cities only three are making expenses, and that the others are held up for political purposes by rich men outside of the ranks of newspaper workers.

THE Commercial clubs of St. Paul and Minneapolis have visited back and forth of late, fraternizing with each other and discussing the question of how to unify the business interests of the two cities, extend their trade and strengthen their commercial position. This is a good movement. Perhaps it will lead eventually to a realization of the old dream of a consolidated Northwestern metropolis. New York and Brooklyn are going to unite. Philadelphia is composed of half a dozen former municipalities. Chicago has taken in a large part of Northern Illinois. The electric car and the telephone have gone far towards annihilating distance. Nicollet Avenue, in Minneapolis, is now no further off from Robert Street, in St. Paul, than our residence streets on St. Anthony Hill used to be in the days of the bobtail horse-car. We have outgrown our jealousies and antagonisms. Why not unite these two cities and form a single metropolis of 400,000 people? We would be immensely stronger to fight Chicago in our natural trade territory.

THE enterprise and public spirit which created and carried on the recent Inter-State Fair at Tacoma in times such as these are worthy of very high praise. The fair opened on August 15th and continued for two months. Exhibits were assembled from Washington, Idaho, Oregon and British Columbia, and they were thoroughly representative of the natural resources, the industries, the arts, the aboriginal life, the wild animals, the fishes, the grains, fruits, grasses, minerals and forestry—the history and the civilization of the entire Pacific Northwest. It is not probable that many people from the East visited the fair, for this has been a year of very limited travel, but the people who live out in that region must have had their faith greatly revived and strengthened in the future growth of their vast and attractive country by the display they saw of the elements that go to the making of prosperous and populous communities. They must, also, have found cause for congratulation in the evidence presented of the remarkable progress that has been made during the eleven years since their formerly isolated region was brought into touch with the continental currents of trade and travel by the opening of railway connection with the East.

Up in Winnipeg not long ago I met a distinguished English professor who at home is a lecturer on scientific agriculture, under some sort of government patronage and who comes out to Manitoba once a year to look after some large landed interests of a certain nobleman. We fell into talk about tobacco as we sat in the smoking room of the hotel, and the professor said that when he was in Constantinople a few years ago on a diplomatic mission he thought he would buy some of the very finest Turkish tobacco grown. On making inquiries of friends who were authorities on the weed he was told that the only place to get what he wanted was at a certain shop in London. When he returned home he looked up the shop and found that the choicest Turkish was sold for twenty dollars a pound. He bought

a few pounds, sent some to his friends in Constantinople and kept the rest for his private delectation. "Was it worth the money?" I asked. "It certainly was," replied the professor; "you can form no idea of the exquisite aroma and flavor of that tobacco. In fact I never realized the pleasure-giving possibilities of tobacco until I smoked that twenty dollars-a-pound article."

THE University of Minnesota is now the fourth of the great educational institutions of the United States in the number of pupils enrolled. It is surpassed only by Yale, Harvard and the University of Michigan. Its present rate of growth, if continued two or three years longer, will give it the third place. During the past year it has stepped up ahead of the University of Pennsylvania, which is now fifth in rank. In endowment, in floor space and in number of professors it is still far behind the big Eastern universities but it has in its organization and its situation all hopeful elements and possibilities of further growth. Looking at the youth of this institution, and the fact that we are here on the Upper Mississippi, less than half a century from the Indian and the buffalo, it seems marvellous that so great a school has grown up here.

CAPT. W. BROWN, general agent for the Yakima Irrigation and Improvement Company, of Kennewick, Washington, has been delivering lectures in Northern Minnesota and South Dakota on irrigated farming, illustrating his talks with a working model about six feet square, of a twenty-acre tract watered from a main canal by a siphon and small lateral ditches. He finds a great deal of ignorance as to the practical side of irrigation and a general desire to know how the land is actually watered and at what cost of labor. His model tells more than a half-hour's talk. Most people who know nothing of methods of irrigation think there must be something complex and scientific in this mode of agriculture which would bother a plain farmer, and they are surprised to learn how simple and easy it all is.

THE election for the choice of a floral emblem for the State of Montana, conducted by an association of ladies, resulted in the selection of the bitter root. The total number of votes received by the committee was 5,857, of which 3,621 were for the *lewisia rediviva*, or bitter root. This flower has therefore received a majority of 2,405 votes, or 2,844 more votes than were cast for the second candidate, *onoclea sensibilis*, or evening primrose. The latter candidate received 787 votes; the wild rose was next in popular favor, it receiving 668 votes. The golden rod, *calochortus*, prickly pear, sun flower, white clematis and a number of other candidates received in the aggregate 781 votes.



LEWISIA REDIVIVA.

THE BITTER ROOT (LEWISIA REDIVIVA), ADOPTED AS THE FLORAL EMBLEM OF MONTANA.



Two St. Paul writers appear in the last number of the *Midland Monthly*, the new Des Moines magazine. Clifford Trembly has a poem and Franklyn W. Lee has a sketch of the "Hinckley Holocaust."

In Dr. Conway's article on "Literary St. Paul," which appeared in the September *Midland*, there are three notable omissions from the list of authors living in this city. Nothing is said of Gen. R. W. Johnson, the author of three volumes—"Life of Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas," "Reminiscences of a Soldier in Peace and War," and "From Cadet to Major General"—all very readable books; or of Gen. C. C. Andrews, author of an excellent work on Brazil, or of H. H. Young, whose "Rabbi of the Boarding House" appeared last year and is an entertaining collection of bright talks on current topics.

Lieutenant Fremont, of the army, who is stationed at Fort Snelling, has finished his biography of his father, the famous "Pathfinder," but is delaying its publication until the book market improves. It will be brought out by Rand, McNally & Co., of Chicago. Gen. Fremont is one of the most picturesque figures in our history. He was in advance of Lincoln on the question of emancipating the slaves, but Lincoln waited wisely until the people of the North had moved up to his support before he acted. His most enduring fame rests upon his daring explorations of what was once known as the Great American Desert, and his magnificent race for the Presidency in 1856, when he was the first candidate of the newly-formed Republican party.

We have received from the American Sunday School Union two books for which prizes have been awarded from the Green fund. The winner of the \$600 prize is "A New Life in Education," by Prof. Fletcher Durell, of Dickinson College. It is written from a religious standpoint, but is none the less an original, thoughtful and essentially modern work in its spirit and its arguments. Its theme is the methods of education needed to prepare young people for the twentieth century, in which their best working years will be passed. It recognizes the fact that with the growing complexity of life the problems of education must be re-stated and are constantly becoming more difficult. The other book deals with child-training and is entitled "How John and I Brought up the Child." The author is Elizabeth Grinnell. On a pleasing thread of story are hung the precepts and theories of the writer, which are sensible and progressive. The prices of these two valuable books are respectively ninety and eighty cents. Both are well bound in cloth. Address the American Sunday School Union, New York.

Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, contributes to the October number of the *North American Review* an article that has attracted wide attention on the attitude of the Catholic Church in America towards the saloon. The eminent prelate has very strong convictions in relation to the liquor traffic. He holds that, while drinking is not in itself a sin, the saloon is a nursery of vice and poverty and should be combatted by the church. Saloon keepers cannot be refused the ministrations of the church or excluded from its membership, but they should be made to feel that theirs is a pernicious business and should never be put into any official positions in the church or the societies connected with the church. This is the

substance of his argument. He backs up strongly Bishop Watson's position and approves of the recent decision of Satolli, sustaining, rather cautiously, the right of that prelate to take the aggressive attitude he recently assumed towards Catholics who sell liquor.

A new Napoleonic period has set in and books and magazine articles abound concerning the great Corsican. *McClure's Monthly* publishes a series of portraits of Napoleon at different ages and the *Century* has begun a thoughtful biography by Prof. Sloane, of Princeton College, and is illustrating his text with its customary liberality of expenditure and its usual high standard of art. The first paper gives us pictures of the hero's childhood—his Corsican home, his parents, the school at Brienne, with a leaf from one of his early copy books, which strangely enough mentions in a geographical exercise, the island of St. Helena.

Clifford Trembly.

Clifford Trembly, of St. Paul, a frequent contributor in prose and verse to magazines and newspapers in the East as well as the West, was born near Elmira, New York, in 1871, and was educated in the schools of that city. In 1883 his father died and three years later, at the age of fifteen, he came to St. Paul and worked in the U. S. Engineer's office, under charge of Major Allen, until his transfer to Galveston, Texas. During the past four years he has been in the accounting department of the Great Northern Railway.

Mr. Trembly's literary production ranges from Sunday-school stories to comic paragraphs, and has been done in the spare time after office hours. The following poem, which appeared in the *New England Magazine*, is a good example of his work in verse:

AN OLD BATTLEFIELD.

Flower-strewn and grassy is the spot where once men stood,
Embittered with their hates at war's behest;
Forgetting all the noble things that make life good
And worthy of our striving for the best,
As, face to face, they fought the long day slowly through,
Marking retreats and victories with blood.
Until the little stream where lilies one-time grew
Flowed onward through the field a crimson flood.
To-day, no cannon's boom across the field is heard,
No rankling discord in the North or South;
Instead, the sweet notes of a clarion-throated bird
Perched on the rim above the cannon's mouth!



CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

It is estimated that the loss to butchers, farmers and trappers in this country exceeds one million dollars each year by improperly taking off hides and furs and not properly handling or curing them. To prevent this great loss as much as possible we have got up these cuts illustrating the right and wrong way.

In skinning beef hides and calf skins keep the back of the knife close to the hide and draw tightly with left hand and you will not be liable to cut or score them.

Observe the difference in dotted lines on figures 1 and 2; on the foreleg the knife should go down to the armpit, then forward to the point of brisket as in figure 1; also on hind leg it should go as dotted lines indicate on figure 1. Never cut the throat crosswise, and always take out horns and tailbone.



FIG. 1.

Fig 1 shows the animal on its back, the dotted lines the course the knife should go and the result.

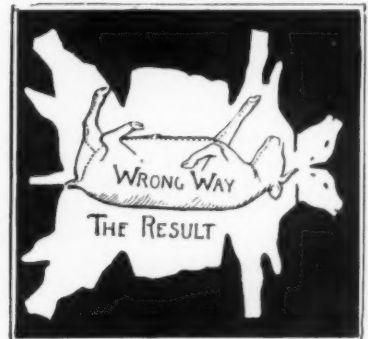


FIG. 2.

Fig. 2 shows the wrong way and result. Such hides even if not damaged by cuts are classed as number-two hides, and if dried on the fence, exposed to sun and weather are only fit for glue.

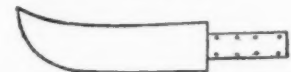


FIG. 3.

Fig 3 shows a butcher's skinning knife; no one should attempt to take off beef hides without such a knife, as one hole in a large hide will pay for several knives.

The skins of fur animals such as mink, marten, fisher, otter, skunk, muskrat, fox and wolverine should be cased; raccoon, bear, beaver and badger should be open and in good shape, and all kinds scraped clean to bring good prices. The shape of badger or bear should be about the same as a cowhide—see fig. 1; on the foreleg the knife should go to armpit then to the center instead of forward as in skinning beeves. Never salt furs, deer or antelope skins.)

For further information about hides, furs and pelts write Northwestern Hide and Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn., for their twelve-page pamphlet. It is worth a year's subscription, but is sent free by mentioning THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

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We are prepared to offer special advantages to all parties intending to purchase new stocks, and we invite their careful inspection of our stock before placing their orders elsewhere. If you are in a hurry telegraph us (our expense), and our salesman will see you immediately.



AN effort is being made to turn the burnt district of Minnesota into an agricultural country. The land department of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad has offered to give, free, farms to heads of families who will build on and improve them.

GEO. L. FARWELL, president of the St. Paul Stove Works, reports that big concern as running full capacity, turning out the new lignite burners. The working force has been steadily increased, for several weeks.

FROM 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Oct. 9th to the same hour on the 10th, the Imperial Mill at Duluth made a record which probably exceeds that of any flour mill in the world for the same length of time. The output for the twenty-four hours was 6,520 barrels. Even this great record was bettered two weeks later when the mill turned out 7,500 barrels in about 23 hours, or at the rate of 7,800 in 24 hours.

RAILROAD building is expected this winter by both the Duluth & Iron Range and Duluth, Missabe & Northern roads. Two branches, one ten miles in length and the other twenty miles long, are to be built by the former, as well as a line sixty miles to the western Mesaba, while the latter will connect with some mines six miles from its nearest point. The Duluth, Mississippi River & Northern is also getting the iron and grading for nearly thirty miles of new road, part of which is for the ore traffic.

SAMUEL SIMPSON, who has charge of the logging operations of the Minnesota Logging Company, is up in the woods north of Brainerd, making preparations for the railroad work of the winter. He has located several camps and has men at work building the camp buildings in six of them. There will be between fifty and sixty men in each of the camps and substantial cabins will be erected for them. A large storehouse is being built at the junction about forty-two miles out from Brainerd and supplies for the winter are being hauled in. Nearly all of the steel has been received and about half of the track on the main line has been laid.—*Minneapolis Lumberman*.

DAVE KELLY, of Tower, was in town last week and had in his possession some of the finest samples of gold-bearing quartz we have yet seen. They came from the Selma River country in Canada, about forty miles north of Rainy Lake. Speaking of this country the *Rainy Lake Journal* says: Some idea of the cause of the rush to the Selma Valley may be formed by an outsider when the richness of the gold-bearing quartz is learned. For instance: Ore from the Last Chance mine is so rich that it is said that by breaking the rock with an ordinary hammer it is possible to pick out nuggets enough to net a man at least \$100 a day in that way. Some of the rock was panned by parties here in town and gold dust and fine nuggets were secured in quantity indicating a value of at least \$5,000 to the ton.—*Mesaba Range*.

North Dakota.

MANAGER CLIFFORD of the woolen mills is expecting several pieces of new machinery for the plant which, when placed in position, will enable the operators to clear the orders away with greater rapidity. The wheels and rolls keep turning night and day, and the orders continue to come in from all parts of the Dakotas and the valley.—*Grand Forks Plaindealer*.

THE cheese factory at Rolla is a paying institution and the farmers are delighted with it. The cheese is of an excellent quality and flavor, and the proprietor is confident that the market demand will far exceed the capacity of the factory. Cheese factories and creameries should and will be in time erected all over this section, where so much stock is raised. It is just what our farmers want and when they find market for their milk they will devote more attention to stock-raising.—*Dunsmuir Herald*.

THE Amenla-Sharon Land Company of Grand Forks had 200 acres in potatoes, yielding 240 bushels to the acre, which were sold at fifty cents a bushel, and on that basis would receive \$24,000 for their crop. The cost of raising and marketing did not exceed \$6,000, thus realizing \$18,000 clear profit, about \$80 an acre, or about twice the value of the land from this one crop.

There were some small pieces yielding over 400 bushels to the acre, and of onion fields that have yielded 900 bushels to the acre. Flax has given a return more than double that of wheat.

C. F. MERVY, of Dickinson, one of the leading cattle men in the Northwest, said: "We will ship more than 1,300 carloads of cattle from Dickinson this fall. It would astonish your people to know how rapidly the cattle interest is developing in the western section of North Dakota. Our people, of course, feel the hard times somewhat, but I believe there is no section of the country where wealth is being created faster than with us. Wheat may go to a cent a bushel, and corn become food for furnaces, but the world will eat wheat, and hence the stock ranges must prosper. It is not hot winds that we fear, but cold winters. Give us moderate weather for two or three winters and we cattlemen will wear diamonds."

PROBABLY the most gratifying feature of the recent Jamestown fair, and something in the nature of a surprise to many, was the splendid display of corn, a display that would have been creditable to any of the so-called corn States. J. D. Gates, of Lisbon, was given first premium for the "Minnesota King," a fine variety of yellow dent corn which he has grown for two years. He has since sold to the agricultural college 200 bushels for seed, at \$2 per bushel. Other exhibits of corn, all of which were meritorious, were made by O. L. Burdick, Graham's Island, Benson County, white dent; Innez Gray & Son, Wheatland, yellow flint; Harry Berren, Wheatland, King Phillip; Geo. E. Kresse, Wheatland, white rice popcorn; L. S. Bates, Wheatland, yellow dent; B. Stevens, Wheatland, Red Dakota dent.

South Dakota.

AROUND Deadwood just now there is more money in agriculture than there is in mining. There are perhaps 50,000 people in the Black Hills. Forty thousand of them are engaged in the mines and the reduction works and other forms of business, who have to be fed by the other 10,000, and there is an active demand for all sorts of garden truck, which grows in this prolific soil in a most luxuriant manner. Irrigation is not necessary, although it is often advisable. All the winds that blow into the Black Hills have swept over the prairies for great distances, and what moisture they gather is condensed into rain as it strikes the peaks and penetrates the cool gulches. So it happens that the rainfall is greater than it is on the plains, and the crops are more certain.

A DISPATCH from Mellette says that the people in that vicinity are considerably excited over the reported find of pearls in fresh-water mussels taken from the Jim River near that place. A farmer found one for which he was offered \$5, and a number have been found toward Huron, one of which sold for \$10. The mollusks are about three and one-half inches broad by six long; the shells are heavily lined with nacre, and the epidermis is of a brown hue. The shells vary greatly in thickness, some being three-fourths of an inch thick near the center, while others are so thin that they may be broken with the hands. The river is very low at present, which makes it very easy to find the mollusks. Farmers along the river are making systematic search for them, and it is not improbable that some very valuable pearls will be found.

Montana.

THE gold increase for Montana is nearly seventy-five per cent over last year.

A DISPATCH from Livingston announces the sale of Hunter's Hot Springs resort by C. B. Mendenhall to Nickey & Gagnon, of Billings, who are said to represent a large Eastern syndicate who will proceed at once to improve the property.

A CONSERVATIVE estimate of the barley crop of Gallatin County places the yield for this year at about 2,000,000 bushels. This is by far the largest barley crop ever grown here. The Gallatin barley is becoming famous the country over. It took first premium at the World's Fair.

THE raising of broom corn bids fair to prove a great success in Montana. The experiments in Yellowstone County have proven so favorable that a few farmers have been induced to plant crops this season. We noticed one field near Billings last month that was as promising as any broom corn we ever saw raised in Iowa or Missouri.—*White Sulphur Springs Husbandman*.

A NEW town called Lump has been started in Lump Gulch, the principal theater of mining operations in the new bonanza silver district of Clancy. It is located about one and a half miles above the mouth of the gulch, where a fine tract of land has been secured and will be immediately sub-divided into lots. As

liberal inducements will be given to business enterprise, it is believed that the new town will prove a success, especially in view of the large number of new mines and prospects that are inviting people to that locality.—*Helena Herald*.

THE coal mines at Toston are improving daily and promise soon to become a valuable contributor to our already numerous resources, says the *Townsend Messenger*. Once these mines fairly under way and we will be no longer dependent on Eastern markets for our coal supply. The Toston coal mines are very valuable and extensive; furnish a first-class quality of coal and will soon, no doubt, supply our entire market.

THE poetical officials of the B. & M. have quiet romantically named the proposed stations along the route from Sheridan to Huntley, across the Crow Indian Reservation, with such titles as Ranchester, Parkman, Aberdeen, Wyola, Littlehorn, Gramplan, Garryowen, Dunmore, Peritsa, Toluca, Corinth, Anita, Ballentine. Distance by rail from Billings to Sheridan is 142.6 miles; Crow Agency is just a trifle more than half way, 72.4 miles; twelve miles of N. P. track is used from Huntley to Billings.—*Gazette*.

A VALLEY rancher who raises horses, cattle, sheep, grain and farm produce says the farmers of this valley have more money in hand and owe less and are in better condition for winter than at any time in his experience of ten years ranching. The fact that the financial depression caused the storekeepers to settle all outstanding indebtedness and refuse credit to one and all has been an important factor in promoting the prosperous streak now attached to each ranchman. His once reckless method of credit purchase was chopped off at the pockets and he was forced to curtail expenses, buying only those things he actually was in need of and could pay cash for. The consequence has been that after a year of this enforced economy the rancher finds himself this fall burdened down with cash, owing very little besides his taxes and with lots of produce on hand to exchange for more cash. Oats at \$1 per hundred, potatoes 75c., hay \$10 to \$12 a ton (a living profit in this price) invites his close consideration and the winter will find him in such financial ease as has been unknown for a decade.—*Billings Gazette*.

Idaho.

A BOISE dispatch says a very rich gold ledge has been discovered on Willow Creek, fifteen miles from there, two and one-half feet of ore being stripped for 300 feet, its value being variously estimated from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per ton.

SPEAKING of the proposed railroad from Weiser to the Seven Devils Country, the *Weiser Signal* says: "The railroad right-of-way has been secured by the local committee from Weiser to the canyon and the deeds are signed. The committee appointed to get the land subsidy into the proper legal shape has had a great deal to do before it could get down to actual work, but the next few days will see everything in ship shape."

THE miners and mine owners in the Coeur d'Alenes have settled their differences after many months of contention. Troops have been withdrawn, and at the present time there are fully 2,000 miners at work. Nine of the leading mines of the district are in active operation, and the pay-rolls amount to at least \$7,000 a day. Business generally is improving, both at Wardner and at Wallace, the two principal towns of the Coeur d'Alene Country. New buildings are being constructed, and the transformation from inaction in the past to the busy energy of the present is pleasant to contemplate.

THE gold district about Pierce City appears to be having a genuine boom this autumn. About 10,000 acres of ledge and placer ground have been located in that vicinity this season, some especially promising free gold ledges having been taken up within the last month. Four flume companies are now operating in that district, on Rhodes Creek, Oro Fino, Oro Grande and French Creek, and two sawmills are being put up to furnish lumber. A telegraph line will soon connect Pierce City with the outside world, and a newspaper plant is being moved in. Altogether it begins to seem a little like old times in that historic district.

Oregon.

THE Virtue mine of Baker City district seems to be of the substantial sort. It has just shipped a bar of gold worth \$16,000, the result of one month's run.

THE colony of immigrants who recently arrived in Grand Ronde have no reservation in their expressions of delight in regard to the country, says an exchange. One of them struck the key note in reference to the low price of grain and other products when he said that it was better for a country to have plenty of produce and take chances on the market than to have plenty of market and take chances on a crop. This is

the situation precisely. This country affords the certainty of a good living, and those who do not have plenty to eat in a country so prolific as this have only themselves to blame.

Washington.

GARFIELD received 235 loads of grain one day recently. This is not less than 500 tons, and tells its own story of the capabilities of the soil.

ASOTIN, the pretty little capital of Asotin County, is said to have made greater progress this year in building and general improvement than in any former year of its history.

THE progress of the middle Kittitas irrigation ditch is making commendable headway. There is some five miles completed and seven or eight under rapid construction. It will be ready for the next season's irrigation.

GENERAL MANAGER STEWARD of the paper mills is happy over the receipt of an order for thirty thousand pounds of railroad manilla paper for the New Zealand government. Another large order was received from Australia.—*Everett Herald*.

ON the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad there are fifty-three shingle mills, with a daily capacity of 6,315,000; eight lumber mills, with a daily capacity of 405,000 feet and 40,000 lath; thirteen logging camps, with a daily capacity of 421,000 feet; one coal mine (Gilman), with a daily shipment for the year of 270 tons.

You have no idea what an immense industry the Puget Sound fresh fish business has become. Step up to the Puyallup east end depot some evening and see the express people struggling with the big boxes of fresh fish and loading them onto the east-bound overland trains. Tons and tons are sent out, and considerable of it goes clear through to New York.—*Puyallup Commerce*.

A PROMINENT Minneapolis dealer writes to the Snake River Fruit Company of Spokane, that Washington fruit is better flavored, firmer and in all respects superior to the California product. To which Manager Shinn adds: "Washington growers and shippers have nothing but words of praise for California fruit, which has a world-wide fame, but it is gratifying to know that the output from this State is receiving due recognition from such high sources."

THE State of Washington, says an enthusiastic correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, contains a greater coal deposit than all the Atlantic States combined. Workable veins are known to exist in eighteen out of the thirty-four counties, and they cover an area of more than 1,000,000 acres. The coal ranges in character

from cannel to semi-anthracite, through all grades of domestic, gas, steaming, coking and smithing coals.

THE Port Townsend *Leader* says that an order for 1,000,000 feet of lumber for China and one for railroad timbers to be sent to Duluth, Minn., has been placed with the Fremont mill, and a full force will be put on immediately. Orders have been received by other firms for large timbers to be sent to North Dakota and Montana, and the general tone of the market is improved, although lumber is cheaper than for years past, and there is a bare margin of profit.

THE writer was talking the other day to a farmer who came to the country last spring and took ten acres of land not far from the city. The price at which he bought was \$75 an acre, and he paid \$10 an acre down. He cleared the sagebrush from his land and put in vegetables and melons. He assured me that from the sales of his truck he paid in full for his land, had put up a good two-story farm house, and had money and stuff enough to carry him on to this season. All this, look you, in one year's work from ten acres of unimproved land. He was a hustler and knew his business; but what he did others can do.—*North Yakima Herald*.

No driving of a golden spike or mammoth street parade and sumptuous banquets have commemorated the completion of the Burlington extension to Billings, Montana. Yet this road is of far more importance to Puget Sound than a second transcontinental road. It opens up immense fields, hitherto reached only via Portland or St. Paul, and the freight rates are such that our lumber, shingles and fruit can be shipped with profit to the producers. The C. B. & Q. Railroad has 7,000 miles of road through the wealthiest portions of the Mississippi Valley, and this territory will be henceforth tributary to Tacoma and Puget Sound.—*West Coast Trade*.

The Canadian Northwest.

THE Rainy Lake gold district is to have another stamp mill soon. The Luella mine, discovered by Capt. Jay Pratt near the mouth of the Seine, seventy-seven miles northeast of Rainy Lake city, has been purchased by Messrs. Howland, Pratt and Perry. They have placed an order for a five-stamp mill.

THE Canadian parliament has finally passed, and the governor general has approved, the bill for the assistance of the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railroad, that was brought before it some months ago. The bill, as finally made a law, gives the road more of a bonus than it asked, \$4,200 per mile for a total of 150 miles, amounting to \$630,000. The Ontario government had already passed a bill granting \$3,000 per mile for the same distance to the same road, so there is no doubt of its construction. A clause requiring rails for the line to be bought of Canadian mills has been stricken out.

The line will tap the Rainy Lake and Seine River gold district and the Atle-Okan iron country.

THE Manitoba Mennonites have applied to Mr. Daly for a grant of more land. Storekeepers and implement agents may not appreciate the rigid economy practised by Mennonites; but the fact remains, that though they arrive in this country possessing absolutely nothing but the clothes they wear, only a few years pass before they are prosperous farmers, with a bank balance. The Mennonite seems indifferent to hardships, and his economy often borders on avarice; but these habits have been acquired through long years of poverty; and as he begins to find himself entirely free from the possibility of want, his habits will modify. It is altogether likely that Mr. Daly will comply with their request and give them a liberal grant of land.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

AN effort is to be made to introduce one cent coins into circulation in Winnipeg. At least this will be the result of a new departure in the newspaper line. The *Free Press* is advertising an evening edition at two cents, and a supply of one cent coins has been secured for change. If the move is a success, it will mean the final introduction of one cent pieces there. Up to the present time the smallest coin in circulation in Manitoba and the West generally has been the five cent silver piece. An effort was made on one or two occasions to introduce the copper coins, but failed. Business people were opposed to the innovation, and they did not encourage the attempt to bring the small pieces into circulation. The one cent coin, however, is bound to come in time, and if the two-cent paper is a success, it will go a long way toward bringing it into general use. There are many little things which now sell for five cents, though not worth that much, because there is no smaller money in use here. This, however, will eventually be changed, to the annoyance of trade people and the cutting down of collection returns.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

People are Learning.

Mr. Luttgen, of the Minneapolis Paving and Manufacturing Company, who are making the Acme bath tubs and laundry trays, reports an increasing trade and much praise from his patrons. Every purchaser who has used either their bath tub or laundry tray long enough to judge, speaks highly of it and recommends it to his neighbor. The material, being the same throughout and not affected by changes of temperature, loses nothing by wear. All other materials, and especially the enameled goods suffer from various causes, such as the enamel cracking and dropping off. An Acme tub and laundry tray placed in the residence of Mr. E. V. Smalley, editor of this magazine, have given entire satisfaction, and a second and larger tray has been ordered of the company. Read their advertisement in this issue.

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In selecting his railroad route, selects the road
That affords excellent and most comfortable facilities—"The Milwaukee."
That traverses a delightful and picturesque portion of the country—"The Milwaukee."
That has—and merits—the reputation of strength and reliability—"The Milwaukee."
That enjoys popularity and is stamped with public approval—"The Milwaukee."
That has a substantial roadbed and most frequent train service—"The Milwaukee."
That regards, always, the comfort, ease and safety of its patrons—"The Milwaukee."
That furnishes the latest private compartment cars and latest library-buffet-smoking cars—"The Milwaukee."
That furnishes elegant drawing-room parlor cars, free reclining chair cars and sumptuous dining cars—"The Milwaukee."
That has exclusive use of the electric berth reading lamp—"The Milwaukee."
"The Milwaukee" combines all the above and more, too. Its trains are vestibuled, heated by steam, electric lighted and unsurpassed in luxurious appointments.

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St. Paul, Minn.

NOTE.—Five trains daily from Twin Cities to Chicago; one to St. Louis and one to Kansas City.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Youghiogheny & Lehigh Coal Co.

One of the youngest coal companies at the head of the lakes has erected extensive docks at West Superior, where they handle their own production of genuine Youghiogheny coal with the best grades of Hocking and anthracite, specially prepared for this market. Large consumers and dealers are invited to correspond with them when in the market to buy. Address them at their main office at West Superior, Wis.

The Opium Habit.

Few persons have displayed more energy in the field of public reforms than Dr. J. L. Stephens, of Lebanon, Ohio. Much of his time has been spent in lecturing gratuitously on the subject of the opium and morphine habit endeavoring to arouse public appreciation to the extent of the misery which this habit is causing throughout the country. And in our legislative councils, too, his voice has been heard in the advocacy of enactments calculated to legally regulate the indiscriminate administration of both intoxicating liquors and narcotic drugs. His advertisement appears elsewhere in this paper, and he is highly endorsed at home and abroad.

'AS OTHERS SEE US.'

E. V. Smalley's always welcome NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is as usual full of good things, and all the articles are bright and interesting. One of the best is that on Puget Sound Indians, and among the handsome engravings are portraits of Chief Seattle and his gazelle-like daughter, Princess Angeline.

The October number is as usual full of good things, and all the articles are interesting to the general reader, and tend toward giving him a good insight into the rich resources of the great Northwest.—*Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce.*

The October number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, of St. Paul, Minnesota, contains a lengthy and carefully prepared sketch of Winnipeg, or rather series of articles, with handsome and true illustrations. This is the result of the recent visit to the city of E. V. Smalley, publisher of the magazine. The articles show that Mr. Smalley made good use of his time while here, and did not jump at conclusions, but rather sought out the facts underlying superficial appearances.—*Winnipeg Commercial.*

Finance and Real Estate.

Readers of this magazine who may wish to do business with the financial and real estate concerns advertising in these columns can rely upon their high character and responsibility.

WASHINGTON.**Fruit Lands.**

There is no country on earth superior to Eastern Washington for fruit raising. We have a number of beautiful tracts of FRUIT LANDS at reasonable prices.

FARM LANDS.

These lands are as well adapted for general farming as any the sun shines on. Timothy hay brings \$15.00 a ton, and three tons to the acre is less than the average; while forty bushels of wheat to the acre is no uncommon yield. We have a number of these farms for sale.

STOCK RANCHES.

Our stock ranches cannot be excelled anywhere. We have for sale several choice STOCK RANCHES that buying them is simply exchanging a gold dollar for a gold dollar certificate. Write us.

THOMAS J. WILDER & CO.,
CHENEY, WASH.

Yakima Valley Lands.**FRUIT, HOP, FARM
and
GARDEN LANDS.**

In tracts of ten acres and upwards, improved and unimproved; also desirable city property for sale. The subscriber has had over eight years' practical experience in the Valley. WILLIAM KER,
NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

References: President American Security & Trust Co., Washington, D. C.; First National Bank, North Yakima, Wash.

**HOME-SEEKERS' EXCURSION TO THE
YAKIMA VALLEY**

will leave Chicago, from office "Farmers Voice," 334 Dearborn Street, Tuesday, Nov. 27th; and Wednesday, Nov. 28th, from St. Paul, office of NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, Bank of Minnesota Building.

See article on another page.

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Write for information relative to
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ST. PAUL, MINN.



FAC-SIMILE OF MONEY ORDER FORM IN USE BY NORTHERN PACIFIC EXPRESS CO.

Bill Nye's Opinion of a Postoffice Money Order.

Here is Bill Nye's opinion of a postoffice money order, and the red tape it requires to cash it:

"I would like to see a good postoffice where a man can go and present a money order without being indicted by a grand jury before he can get away," says he. "I believe, generally, that a man who leads a good Christian life ought not to be jumped on and trod to the earth just because he has presented a money order for payment. We are all liable to make mistakes. I presented a money order once, thinking that the office was as eager to pay an order as it was to sell me one; but I was young then,—had seen very little of the world,—anybody could fool me with a kind word then; now I have my remittances sent me by freight, inside a joint of gaspipe, and do not have to wait so long."

Since Mr. Nye acquired the above experience express money orders have been introduced, and the rapidity with which they have come into general use is remarkable.

The convenience of the money order system of express companies is perhaps best illustrated in the facsimile of form in use by the Northern Pacific Express Co. shown on this page. In this form not only can the amount of the order be collected at any express office in the United States, but at certain fixed places named in the orders, viz: The American Exchange National Bank of New York, the First National Bank of Chicago and the Merchants National Bank of St. Paul.

This definiteness of payment at three of the principal cities of this country enables the person entitled to the money to obtain it without difficulty at any point, whether near or remote from an express office. In fact, to say that the express company becomes your banker and enables you thus to issue checks in the same form as those in use by banks, is not an exaggeration, but an every-day experience; and if this is not overlooked when taxes, bills, dues, etc., are to be paid, or money remitted for any purpose in any direction, the advantage of an express money order over a bank check or draft becomes apparent.

The European feature of the business is a most important one. Provision is made for the cashing of orders throughout Europe at fixed rates printed on the orders. A little reflection will lead the experienced foreign traveler to appreciate the advantage of these forms over the ordinary letters of credit and other means of rendering money available in foreign countries.

Money orders are sold and paid at all offices of the Northern Pacific Express Co., during business hours, from one cent to fifty dollars, and there is no limit to the number of orders sold to any person; moreover, the difference between business hours of an express office and those of a bank or postoffice is worthy of note. Purchasers are not required to fill out blank applications, the methods being so simple that a child can buy an order. This is the only system of sending money through the mails that gives a receipt which

can be kept by the purchaser. In case orders are lost, delayed, stolen or destroyed, this receipt insures against loss. The amount of the order will be refunded to remitter or payee at any time, without delay, inconvenience or additional expense, on execution of a bond of indemnity. Orders are negotiable by indorsement and can be used as exchange, payable at over 15,000 places in the United States, Canada and Europe. What other way of remitting money gives such feature of exchange with such absolute security, simplicity, economy and convenience? Orders are often deposited and handled through banks the same as checks and drafts, being redeemed through bank clearing houses in all the principal cities of the world.

The express companies of North America cover the country as completely as the postal service, and the chief comparative advantages of express money orders lie in their interchangeability. They are cashed on presentation at all offices of the American, Adams, United States, National, Southern, Wells-Fargo, Pacific, Great Northern, Canadian and other express companies.

RATES—For orders payable in United States, Canada and Europe:

Not over \$5.....	5 cts.	Not over \$50.....	18 cts.
Not over 10.....	8 cts.	Not over 60.....	20 cts.
Not over 20.....	10 cts.	Not over 75.....	25 cts.
Not over 30.....	12 cts.	Not over 100.....	30 cts.
Not over 40.....	15 cts.		

KENNEWICK IRRIGATED LANDS

In the famous Columbia River and Kennewick valleys, in all sized tracts—5 to 100 acres, at very reasonable prices and on easy terms.

This is the greatest peach, fruit and hop region in the world. Write for information to

C. J. BEACH & SON, Kennewick, Wash.,

Also owners of the original townsite of Kennewick. Business and residence lots on easy payments.

YAKIMA IRRIGATED LANDS. We have tracts of FIVE, TEN, TWENTY, FORTY and FIFTY acres of improved IRRIGATED LANDS, in FRUITS, HOPS and ALFALFA, ranging in price from \$50 to \$300 per acre, on reasonable terms. Write for circulars and information to

H. SPINNING & CO., North Yakima, Washington.

What a Country!

Comedian Wm. F. Hoey had just encountered a distinctively ingenuous Britisher. The comedian formed his acquaintance during the "Lucania's" incoming voyage, and the two breakfasted together, says the *New York Times*.

"I guess I'll run out to see Harry after breakfast," said the guest.

"Harry?" queried the comedian.

"Yes, my brother," exclaimed the Englishman. "I

have two here. Harry lives in San Francisco and Charlie in Chicago."

"But you'll be back for dinner?" quizzed Hoey.

The Britisher took him seriously. "Sure for dinner, if not for lunch," he answered. And, accompanied by the actor, now alive to the humor of the incident, he found himself, a few minutes later, in the line of ticket buyers in the Grand Central Station.

"An excursion ticket to San Francisco, stopping at Chicago on return," he ordered.

The ticket agent put about a quarter of a mile of

pasteboard under his stamp, pounded it for a minute or more, thrust it before the explorer and expectantly awaited payment.

"How much is it?" asked the Englishman.

"One hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cts."

"What!" the Englishman gasped. "How far is it?"

"Three thousand miles."

"Old Hoss" was right behind to catch the falling form, and as he guided the limp Britisher back to the cab, where he snuggled helplessly in a corner, the single exclamation escaped: "What a country!"



A Useful Circular.

The Northwestern Hide and Fur Co. give some valuable information in their circular dated October 15th. Some original ideas are advanced, and the issue is altogether quite interesting.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf?

Call or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Garmore, Room 18, Hammond Bldg., Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati, O.

Celebrated Man on a Celebrated Railroad.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the renowned soldier, statesman, traveler and author, pays this compliment to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in the St. Paul Evening News Record, Oct. 6, 1894.

"I have traveled all over the United States and Europe, but never before have I seen such magnificent train service as I enjoyed on 'The Milwaukee' between Chicago and St. Paul. The private compartment cars are superior to anything of the kind I ever saw."

The trains referred to by the author of "Ben Hur" are vestibuled throughout, heated by steam, lighted by electricity and arranged with the famous electric berth reading lamp. J. T. Conley, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

B. P. O. E.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is made up of such a jolly aggregation of good fellows that one scarcely wonders that the initials of the organization are so often translated as "Best People on Earth;" for their hospitality, liberality and hilarity are proverbial. Still, they have no monopoly of the sub-title bestowed upon them in semi-jest. The best people on earth, for instance, always make it a point to travel via the Duluth Short Line, by which name the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad is generally known. They do so because this line is by long odds the popular route between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior and other prominent Northwestern cities, where close connections are made with trains running to all points of the compass. They do so because the Duluth Short Line is conspicuous for the elegance of its equipment, the even quality of its road-bed, the character of its terminals and the convenience of its schedules. Besides, the route is through a picturesque and prosperous portion of the Northwest, where the eye is gladdened by the scenic formations and the homeseeker or investor finds even greater and more abiding interest. Information, maps, circulars, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by ticket agents, or may be obtained by applying to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

Aeronautics.

We do not know at how early a date man first envied the birds their power of passage through the air, but there is no allusion in classical lore to any practical attempts, unless the story of Daedalus and Icarus has some foundation in fact. The first trial at aerial transportation is little more than a century ago, when, on June 5, 1784, the Montgolfier brothers, at Annonay, near Lyons, France, sent up a small balloon inflated with hot air, but no person accompanied it. The following October one Rosier made an ascension at Paris, the balloon being inflated with hydrogen gas. The dates of first ascensions across the channel are: England, August 27, 1784; Ireland, January 19, 1785. Coal gas was first used for inflation July 19, 1821, the coronation day of George IV, of England. There have been some frightful accidents to aeronauts, but really ballooning is not particularly dangerous. From 1783 to 1893, fifty-six years, four hundred and seventy-one persons made ascensions, many of them a great number of times, and only nine were killed or fatally injured. But, though balloon ascensions can be easily and safely made, no reliable method of direction has been discovered, so that practical navigation of the air does not seem near at hand. For a time, then, we must rely upon the railroads as a means of travel, and are really quite well off when such comprehensive and well-equipped systems as the Burlington Route are at our service. For tickets, maps, and further information, call on your home agent, or address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Every Man Should Read This.

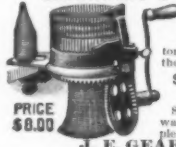
If any young man, old or middle aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will write to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Lock Box 367 Marshall, Mich.

Game Heads, Animals, Birds, Fur Rugs, etc.

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GEARHART'S FAMILY KNITTER.



Knits a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Knits everything required in the household from homespun or factory, wool or cotton yarns. Most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it.

STRONG, DURABLE, SIMPLE, RAPID.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address:

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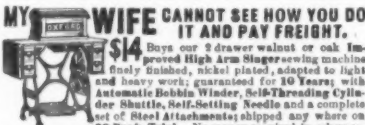
Subscribe for the DAILY or WEEKLY CHRONICLE if you desire reliable information about the agricultural or mining resources of Washington or the Northwest. Price of Daily, \$6.00 per year. Price of Weekly, \$1.00 per year. CHRONICLE PUBLISHING CO., Spokane, Wash.

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NEW EYE'S Cataracts, Scars or Films ABSORBED. Our home treatment CURES Diseased Eyes or Lids when all others fail. "Hundreds convinced." Pamphlet free, No risk. Address T. B. EYE, Glens Falls, N. Y.



SPECIAL 30 DAYS OFFER.

To introduce **AT ONCE**, we will, on receipt of this advertisement and **\$5.00**, send the **ORGUINETTE**, exactly the same as we sell for \$10.00. You should order immediately; in no case later than 30 days from the time you receive this paper. If you do not wish the instrument yourself, you should avail yourself of this great offer **AT ONCE**, even if you are obliged to borrow the money. You can easily sell the **ORGUINETTE**, and realize a good profit. No such offer was ever made, or will be again. Take advantage of it while the opportunity is yours. **OUR PROFIT** must come from future sales. **OUR CONFIDENCE** in its Genuine Merits is so great that we believe when one is introduced in a town or village it will sell a dozen or more at regular price. We desire to make each purchaser from a town or agent, and if you can help us to introduce them to your friends, we shall esteem it a great favor. Enclose **\$5.00** with this notice, and we will ship the **ORGUINETTE** at once.

This firm is perfectly reliable. Established in business over 25 years. — Ed.



FREE! A Solid Gold Filled American Hunting Case Elgin Style Watch and a Set of Silverware, FREE.

We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4 1/2 in. HAVANA PERFECTS STRAIGHT TEN CENT CIGAR. To introduce this brand we will send you, **FREE** a 14k. Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a handsomely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send Watch, Silverware and 100 Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C. O. D. \$9.50. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 20 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid gold watch; either ladies' or gents' size. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. The Watch and Silverware, if bought at retail, would cost you \$25 to \$30 alone. It costs you nothing—why? Simply because we are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America, and make this offer solely to introduce our brand. You have nothing to risk and all to gain, therefore we order. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent \$9.50 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the silverware you can have a **Five Shooter** or 38 calibre double action Smith & Wesson Cartridge Revolver. Or dress in full, RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. 601, No. 173 Greenwich St., N.Y.

WEAK MAN CURE YOURSELF IN TWO WEEKS.

Waste time, money and health with "doctors" wonderful "cure-alls," specifics, etc., when I will send you **FREE** the prescription and full particulars of a new certain remedy that is a complete cure for **NERVOUS WEAKNESS, LOST MANHOOD and IMPOTENCY** in old or young men. Cures in **TWO WEEKS**. I send this information and prescription absolutely **FREE**, and there is no humbug nor advertising catch about it. Any druggist can put it up for you as everything is plain and simple. All I ask in return is that you will buy a small quantity of the remedy itself of me, all ready for use, but may do as you please about this. All letters sent sealed.

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your papers, pamphlets, and magazines in ten seconds. Sample doz. mailed for 75c. Covers to order. Price list free. Address H. H. BALLARD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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ING people, male or female, old or young, earn \$30 to \$60 a week, day or evening, in their own town. Requires no capital. Samples free. KENDALL & CO., Manchester, N. H.

DR. DIX'S

Celebrated Female Powders never fail. 1000 Ladies declare them safe and sure (after failing with Tansy and Pennyroyal Pills), particulars 4 cents. Dr. S. T. DIX, Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

FAT FOLKS

using "Anti-Corpulence Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

WOMEN

Reaman's Pennyroyal and Tansy Pills Never fail. Always sure. Sealed \$1.00. Stevens & Gustafson, Sole U.S. Agents, 61 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor, Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

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THE COLUMBIAN ORGUINETTE.

The Great Musical Wonder. Awarded a Medal at the World's Fair as the BEST.

Plays Hymns, Popular Airs, Quadrilles, Polkas, Waltzes, and Hornpipes. Our object is to have it introduced at once, so as to sell thousands at regular price, \$10.00. To this end I am willing to offer **First One** at \$5.00, as every one sold sells others. We ask in return that you show instrument to your friends, who are sure to order at regular price. The instrument speaks for itself, — it sings its own praises. A mere child can play it. Adapted for Singing or Dancing Parties, and for Winter Evenings Entertainment. Simply turning the handle feeds the music strips, blows bellows, and produces the music. Music is as melodious and sweet as a cabinet organ. 1000 popular tunes are ready; music costs but a few cents per tune, and lasts for years. A selection of music goes free with each one. The **ORGUINETTE** is the sweetest, most interesting musical instrument produced, and will repay its cost in enjoyment a hundred fold. To introduce **AT ONCE**, we will, on receipt of this advertisement and **\$5.00**, send the **ORGUINETTE**, exactly the same as we sell for \$10.00. You should order immediately; in no case later than 30 days from the time you receive this paper. If you do not wish the instrument yourself, you should avail yourself of this great offer **AT ONCE**, even if you are obliged to borrow the money. You can easily sell the **ORGUINETTE**, and realize a good profit. No such offer was ever made, or will be again. Take advantage of it while the opportunity is yours. **OUR PROFIT** must come from future sales. **OUR CONFIDENCE** in its Genuine Merits is so great that we believe when one is introduced in a town or village it will sell a dozen or more at regular price. We desire to make each purchaser from a town or agent, and if you can help us to introduce them to your friends, we shall esteem it a great favor. Enclose **\$5.00** with this notice, and we will ship the **ORGUINETTE** at once.

Population 15,000. Has larger and better hotel facilities than any city of 100,000 population in America.

Has six public schools and sixteen churches. Has a hotel capacity for 10,000 guests, and entertains over 50,000 visitors annually.

Has 72 hot springs that flow over 500,000 gallons daily. Has 19 bath houses with a daily bathing capacity of 12,000.

Other noted mineral springs are located in the immediate neighborhood. Hot Springs has a good free library, an opera house, and there are beautiful, picturesque rides and drives leading in all directions from the city. It is the best place in the South for residents of the North to buy a winter home. Real estate is cheap and the climate is unexcelled.

For further information address the Chamber of Commerce, or the Business Men's Club, Hot Springs, Ark.

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EXCELLENT...HOTEL FACILITIES...

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ARLINGTON

HOTEL,

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Open all the Year.

Bath House Attached.

Capacity, 450 Guests.

Practically Fire-proof

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THE

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Situated on Park Avenue and commanding a fine view of the choicest residence and business portions of the city.

Has Accommodations for 300 Guests.

RATES:

From \$12.50 to \$20.00 Per Week.

An excellent bath house connected with the hotel.

Bath House Rates: \$6.00 for 21 Baths.

THE ACME ENAMELED BATH TUB

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are strictly sanitary, and they are taking the place of the iron tubs and soap-stone and slate goods. Guaranteed. Practically indestructible.



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FACTORY, 2901-3 Nicollet Avenue.



THE INFANT TERROR.

A precocious young kid over in Douglas Terrace imparted to a caller on her sister the other evening while waiting in the parlor for her appearance that—"Sis" not only liked the caller, but hated another young man, whose name was mentioned—"cause," said the young urchin—"when he comes, Sis is mean, she will only give him half of her chair to sit on."—*Fargo Forum*

A RIDICULOUS JOKE.

"Two men boarded a train at Osage City and took a seat in the smoker, just in front of me," said a traveler to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter. "It was evident from their conversation, which was carried on in quite a loud tone, that they were, both of them, in hard luck, and were going to Topeka in search of employment. One of them placed his ticket on the seat, while he lit a very inferior cigar, and his companion quickly picked it up and put it in his pocket. A few minutes later the man missed his ticket, and went through the usual pantomime of turning out all his pockets and looking in his hat lining. Knowing the conductor

colossal example of mendacity which civilization has produced."

A brief, painful silence ensued, which was broken by the traveler in a tone which was almost timid:

"Excuse me, my friend," he said, "if I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"—*Michigan Tradesman*.

TWO OF A KIND.

The man was walking along carrying a parrot in a cage.

"What have you got there?" asked a friend.

"Parrot; I'm taking it home to my wife. She always wanted one."

"I hope you'll have better luck than I did with one I gave to my wife."

"What happened to it?"

"Don't know my wife, do you?"

"No."

"Neither did the parrot. It wanted to talk during the daytime and couldn't get a chance while my wife was about, so it stayed awake at night to do its talking, and the poor thing died of insomnia before two weeks."

REFRESHING.

Then a Georgian spoke up: "We can do pretty well down our way. One night Henry Grady was at a reception at Atlanta. As he was about to leave, his hostess—I won't give her name—said: 'Now, Mr. Grady, don't say what everybody else has said. I'm wearied to extinction of hearing: 'Such a charming evening. I've had a lovely time! Now, do, Mr. Grady, say something refreshing, original.'"

"Madame," he bowed, 'I've had a — of a time.'

"I'm — glad to hear it," she said, not to be outdone."—*N.Y. Sun*

IF HE HAD IT.

A boy, hearing his father pray for the missionary cause, and especially for the wants of the missionaries, that their institutions might be supplied with abundant means, said to him: "Father, I wish I had your money." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father. The boy replied: "I would answer your prayers."

A SEDUCTIVE OFFER.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, when he was lessee of the old Amphitheater at Leeds, received a letter from a would-be Garrick, of which the following is a literal transcript:

"Dear Sir: I want to be an actor. I am not at all satisfied with my present position. I am employed in a coal mine, but I want to rise in the world. I am tired of the coal mine, and have heard that good wages are to be made on the stage. I want to 'come out.' My height is five feet two, and my politics Radicle. I should like to play Hamlet if you would be the Ghost."

IT DEPENDS.

That reminded Judge Dennison of another one on Mr. Hoover. Judge Greene was on the bench, and Mr. Hoover represented a man named Browne in the argument of

a demurrer. To the evident annoyance of the court he persisted in pronouncing the name Brownly.

"Why do you pronounce the name that way?" the court inquired at last, visibly irritated.

"There is an eat the end and B-r-o-w-n-e spells Brownly," was the reply.

"Then according to that you would call me Greeny, would you?"

After a moment's reflection the attorney humorously answered:

"That would depend upon whether your honor sustains this demurrer or not."—*Spokane Review*.

WHAT SHE LEARNED.

A small, wicked and shrewd youth, passing by the residence on Sixteenth Street, in Portland, of a lady whom he knew had some domestic troubles, said to her:

"O, ma'am, if you'll give me a quarter, I'll tell you where I saw your husband a little while ago."

"Here's the quarter; where was it?" she asked.

"In the post-office, ma'am."

And he was out of sight in twenty seconds, leaving her at the height of indignation.



Samples (leaving the stag party)—"F I had 'stablishment like this I'd dis'pline my waiters not to be so blamed fresh after tips."

would be around in a moment, and also that he had not enough money in his pocket to pay his fare again, he began asking the advice of his friend, who suggested gravely that he crawl under the seat and try to escape notice that way. There seemed no other alternate for the unfortunate man, who cramped himself under the seat as suggested. When the conductor came along the practical joker handed him two tickets, and was, of course, asked who the second one was for. He replied that it was for his friend, who preferred riding under the seat, whereupon the victim of the joke crawled out, and amid general laughter knocked the dust off his clothes and promised to break his friend's head on the first opportunity."

THAT "FELLOW FEELING."

He was a commercial traveler of the more flashy type and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly-made acquaintance in the car.

"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say.

"Munchausen—who is he?"

"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most

CARLETON COLLEGE,

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Full Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Wide range of electives. Postgraduate work. Special facilities for study in Pure Mathematics and Astronomy at the Observatory.

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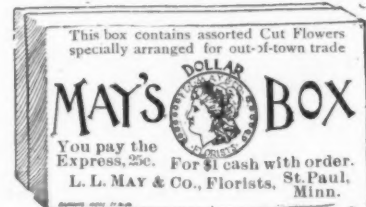
fits for college and teaches English branches.

Certificates from the State High School Board or from approved high schools and academies will be accepted.

School of Music Fully Equipped.

Open to students of either sex. Expenses very low. For catalogue and circulars address

JAS. W. STRONG, President.



Read what this box contains: 2 yellow roses, 1 light pink rose, 1 dark velvet red, 1 cream white rose, 4 Roman hyacinths, 4 carnations, 2 mignonette, 3 tulips, smilax. The contents of this box at regular prices will amount to \$2. We will, however, upon the receipt of \$1.25, express prepaid, to any address.

L. L. MAY & CO., Florists, 23 W. 5th St.

Madison Avenue Hotel,

Madison Ave. and 58th St.,

NEW YORK.

\$3 per day and up. American Plan.

Fire-proof and first-class in every particular.

Two blocks from the Third and Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroads.

The Madison and Fourth Avenue and Belt Line cars pass the door.

H. M. CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

Passenger elevator runs all night.

Our Unparalleled Offer for the next 30 Days.

WE WILL GIVE ABSOLUTELY FREE

FIVE SHARES OF STOCK, PAR VALUE \$5.

To introduce our HOT SPRINGS COMPLEXION TOILET SOAP, we will give, absolutely free, five shares, par value, \$5.00, fully paid up and NON-ASSESSABLE of THE BEACON HILL MINING AND TUNNEL COMPANY, located at CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO. These shares are of the preferred stock and bear five per cent interest besides the regular dividends.

We will send thirty-six cakes of Hot Springs Complexion Toilet Soap together with five shares of stock free on receipt of only \$3.00. Now remember this offer is good only for the next thirty days.

Any one doubting the quality and purity of our soap send fifteen cents for sample cake. Big money for Agts. HOWARD & SIEBERT.

Room 518 Temple Court Bld'g, 225 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLS.

30 PER CENT PROFIT This Month

Anyone can participate in our enormous profit by sending us from \$10 to \$1,000 Highest reference. Write for particulars to

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 IMPROVED RIGID & SPRING FROGS, CROSSINGS,
 SINGLEE THREE THROW SPLIT SWITCHES,
 FIXED & AUTOMATIC SWITCH STANDS, STEEL
 DIE FORMED RAIL BRACES, SWITCH FIXTURES, ETC.


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"SLIGO" Boiler Plate and Fire-Box Iron.

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Used by the principal railroads in the United States and warranted unequalled.

"CROWN" Stay, Bolt and Bar Iron. "TYRONE" brand of Bar, Sheet, Tank Plate and ANGLE IRON.

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Send for Price List.

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INSTRUCTION of Rails, Fish Plates, Cars and other Railway Materials, Chemical and Physical Laboratories. ANALYSIS of Ores, Irons, Steels and Oils. CONSULTATION on Iron and Steel Metallurgy and Construction.
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ROBERT W. HUNT, M. Am. Soc. C. E., M. Am. Inst. M. E., M. Am. Soc. M. E., late Gen. Sup. Troy Steel and Iron Co.
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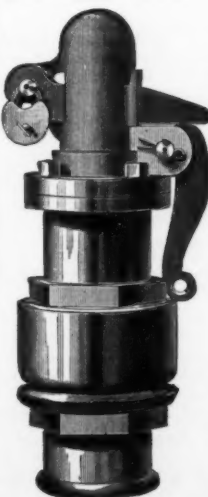
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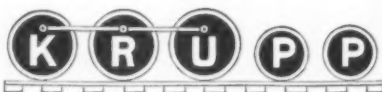
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Contains complete maps of the United States, Minnesota and the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, showing post-offices to June 1, 1894, with every important geographical and topographical feature brought down to date, and printed in the highest style of the map maker's art. These maps ordinarily retail at 25 cts each. Interesting descriptive, historical and statistical information appears with each map. Sent for 15 cents in stamps by F. I. WHITNEY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

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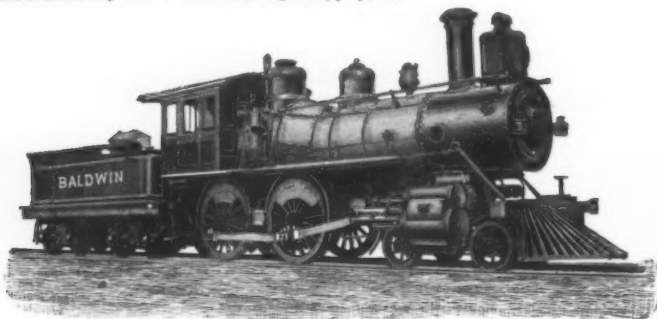
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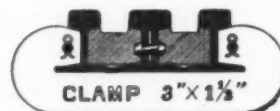
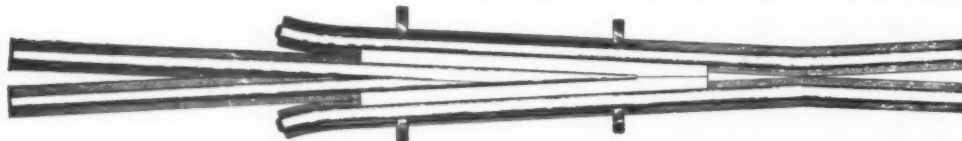
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SAFETY, SPEED and ECONOMY are the results of the use of Galena Oils. Cold test 10 to 15 below zero. These oils do not freeze in the coldest weather, while they are adaptable to the hottest climates.

In the use of Galena Oils there is entire freedom from hot boxes, except when these are caused by mechanical defects.

The adoption of Galena Oils as standard railway lubricants by a majority of the leading railways of this country, is an evidence of their superiority; while the fact that the same roads use these oils to-day that used them more than twenty years ago, is an evidence of their uniformity from year to year and year in and out.

Galena Oils are in exclusive use upon three continuous lines of railway from Boston and New York to the Pacific Coast, and upon one continuous line from the City of Mexico to New York, thus demonstrating their adaptability to all temperatures and climates. Inasmuch as they are entirely free from gum, these oils are not affected by dust and sand as are other oils.

We have in connection with our business, a well organized mechanical experts department, composed of skillful mechanics and railway men of long experience. The services of our experts are furnished to our patrons free of charge.

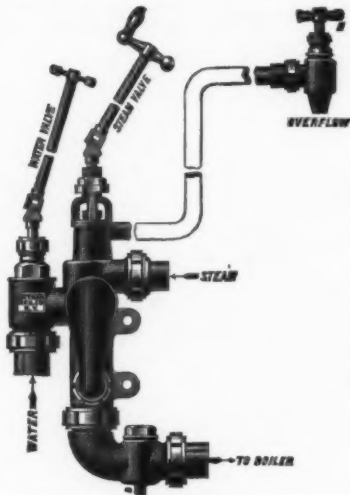
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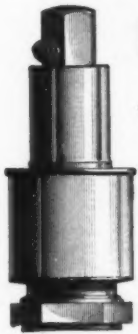
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NEWSPAPERS IN NORTH DAKOTA.—It would be hard to find a town in North Dakota of 200 people without a newspaper published there. The *Chicago Times* says there are 400 places in Indiana with population of from 400 to 1,000 where not a paper is issued. The crowded condition of the newspaper field in North Dakota is an evidence of the intelligence of the people of this State.—*Fargo Forum*.

ESCAPED THE PROOF-READER.—The following inscription on a small signboard ornaments a little shed on one of the principal thoroughfares in Minneapolis. It conveys a lesson in spelling, punctuation and the division of words that should entitle it to a place in English literature:

This, Groun-
d, for, sal, enq-
uire, wi-
thin.

A LADY'S BIG LEGAL FEE.—Miss Ella Knowles, Montana's celebrated lady lawyer, has just received a fee of \$10,000 in a mining case which she succeeded in bringing to a successful conclusion. This is the largest fee ever received by a lady lawyer, and is somewhat larger than the daily income of several of the gentleman lawyers of this city who believe that women should not practice law.—*Montana Mining Area*.

THE LARGEST CHERRY TREE.—Three miles below Toledo, Wash., on the farm of Thomas Carvey, stands perhaps the largest cherry tree in the State, if not elsewhere, says the *Kelso Journal*. Four feet above the ground the tree is seven feet and one inch in circumference. The distance between the extreme reach of the branches is 65 feet. The fruit, when ripe, is dark red, large and of a delicious flavor. The tree is supposed to be over thirty years old.

AGE OF TREES.—The age of trees forms a most interesting subject for meditation and thought; and if we are to believe the figures adduced by scientific men, it may be said that of all forms of nature, trees alone disclose their ages freely and candidly. The ages attained by several varieties of trees are as follows: Elm, 300 years; Ivy, 355; maple, 516; larch, 576; orange, 630; cypress, 800; olive, 800; walnut, 900; oriental plane, 1,000; lime, 1,000; spruce, 1,200; oak, 1,500; cedar, 2,000; yew, 3,200.—*The Timberman*.

LINING MULLAN TUNNEL.—The work of lining Mullan tunnel, nineteen miles west of Helena, with masonry, which has been in progress off and on for several years, is progressing as rapidly as could be expected, and before another year has elapsed the officials of the Northern Pacific hope to witness the completion of this huge undertaking. Several times the work has been interrupted by caves or fires in the tunnel which have resulted in long delays and much extra work. At one time a stoppage of over two weeks was rendered necessary by a fire started by a spark from a locomotive, which finally ended, after all other efforts had failed, in the closing and sealing of both entrances of the tunnel. The worst part of the tunnel is now lined with an arch of brick and stone that appears to be as enduring as the mountain itself.—*Helena Herald*.



The man who calls out in the morning that he is getting up when he isn't, simply lies in bed.

Adam was the first Odd Fellow, but when he took Eve into partnership, he ceased to be of the independent order.

"Yes," said the traveler, as he tackled the lunch counter sandwich. "I was at the battle of Ham-Chu." *Minneapolis Journal.*

He—"They have dropped their anchor."
She (on her first trip)—"Serves them right. It has been hanging over the side all day long."

THE TEST.—The Editor: "Mr. Bard, how do you distinguish between your verse and your poetry?" Mr. Bard: "I read it to my wife, sir. If she understands it, it's verse; if she doesn't, it's poetry."

The big fog whistle or siren was blowing at Sandy Hook one day when a deaf old gentleman at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., put his hand back of his ear and said, while his face beamed with pleasure: "That's the first cornet playing I've heard in thirty years."



ACCESSORY TO THE FACT.

Ned—"Mamma told me not to take any preserves out of the closet, and I'm not going to do it; but if you want to go out in the back yard and call kitty, I don't think any harm will be done."

A nervous organist in a Harlem church caused a bridal party to march out after the ceremony to the air: "What Shall the Harvest Be?"

"Haven't you made Mr. Bulger's portrait a good deal more than life size?" said one artist to another. "Perhaps. You see, that's as big as he thinks he is."

AT THE CATTLE SHOW.—Gentleman (with solemnity): "Miss Florence, do you love beasts?" Lady (with vivacity): "Am I to consider that a proposal, sir?"

"Is he eloquent?"
"Eloquent! Simply wonderful! At the close of his address even the seats were in tiers."—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Hostess—"Please play something classic, professor; play something pretty."
Professor—"Vich vill you haf virst, ma'am?"—*The Cat.*

It was a race between a barber shop and saloon at Hinkley as to which would be in business first. The barber won by a head; hair-cut and shampoo.—*Grafton Record.*

A Hot Springs man was indicted some time ago for breaking a fellow's skull with an ax handle, but wasn't convicted, owing to the fact that his lawyer proved that the stick had never been in an ax, and therefore wasn't an ax handle.—*Ark. Times.*

"Young ladies," said the Manayunk philosopher, "in these days of tariff discussion, don't speak of a senator as a sweet old man. Your meaning is likely to be misconstrued."

He—"I am very proud of this horse. He only lost one race last season."

She—"Dear me! How many times did he run?"
He—"Once."

"We don't want bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."

That consistency's a jewel
Is a guess we think is right;
But it must be out of fashion—
It's so often out of sight.

Ryder—"What training have you had for this six days' walking match?"

Stryder—"Lots. For two years I have been collector for a fashionable tailor."

Conductor (stumbling in the aisle)—"Are these your feet, sir?"

Passenger—"Yes, sir."

Conductor (sarcastically)—"You should have had them checked."

The Ark. *Times*. Cat says that a widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come. This is no amateur entertainment."

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AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS
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as follows:

In Minnesota,	-	-	Upwards of 1,250,000 Acres
In North Dakota,	-	-	" 6,800,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	" 17,450,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	" 9,375,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

38,600,000 Acres.

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The Northern Pacific Railroad Company offers large areas of desirable AGRICULTURAL AND GRAZING LANDS at low prices, ranging chiefly **FROM \$1 TO \$6 PER ACRE** for the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, the best Fruit and Hop-raising Lands, and the best Grazing Lands now open for settlement.

These Lands are sold on five years' time, if desired, with interest at 7 per cent.

When lands situated in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments, with interest at 7 per cent.

For prices and terms of sale of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to
WM. WAUGH, Gen'l Land Ag't, ST. PAUL, MINN.

When lands situated in Washington, Idaho and Oregon are purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash is required at time of purchase. At the end of the first year the interest only on the unpaid amount is required. One-fifth of the principal and interest becomes due at the end of each of the next four years. Interest at 7 per cent per annum.

For prices and terms of sale of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to
PAUL SCHULZE, Gen'l Land Ag't, TACOMA, WASH.

TIMBER LANDS are sold for cash or by special agreement.

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A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTHERN MINNESOTA, showing the lands of Northern Pacific Railroad for sale in the district covered by the map. The reading matter describes the country, climate, soil and productions, the agricultural, timber and mineral resources, the live stock interests, the fisheries, the population and wealth, the educational facilities and the advantages which Northern Minnesota offers for success in diversified farming.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

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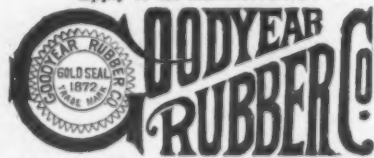
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